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ALL THE NEWS

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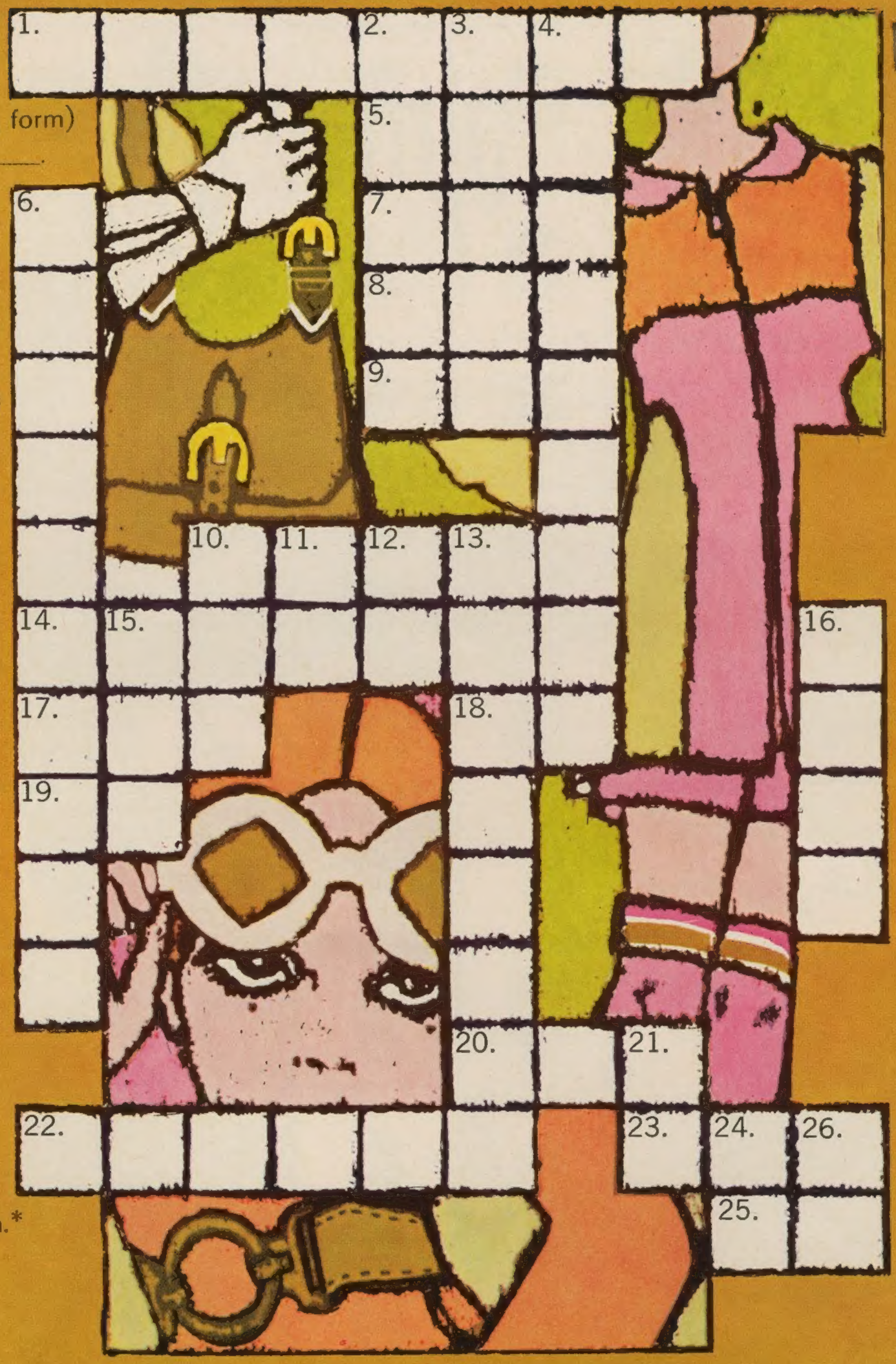
# ACROSS

1. To a soldier, it's his generals; to a status buckled shoe, its name. (combining form)
5. Where the pub is, there flows_____.
7. When in France, drink this like water.
8. Vogue's printer's measure. (pl.)
9. Poetic word for meadow.
10. Flaubert's "Cherished one".
14. A cordial; a West Indies colony.
17. By sun or lamp—a bright streak.
18. The silver color in your pewter. (sym.)
19. A sound that follows a pinch.
20. Teutonic girl's name for "happy".
22. Sometimes a pair of arms, now the name of a pair of flats. (combining form)
23. A fun, short run down linguistic lane.
25. Thirteenth letter of Socrates' ABC's.

# DOWN

2. His pavans made the Paris scene.
3. The edited version of Adeline.
4. Know it by its stimulus. Ask for this spectator by name.
6. Plaids do it, and the dusk beige pump is named for it. (combining form)
10. Feminine means to an end.
11. A laugh noise, but not a giant one.
12. Christian meeting of minds.*
13. A Czar-influential in monk's clothing.
15. The 1828 Labor Party was its father.*
16. A magic dragon; the name of this pump.
21. Eyes and ears of the fashion shows.*
24. In Paris it's one, in New York a bunch.*
26. 25 across.

*Initials only






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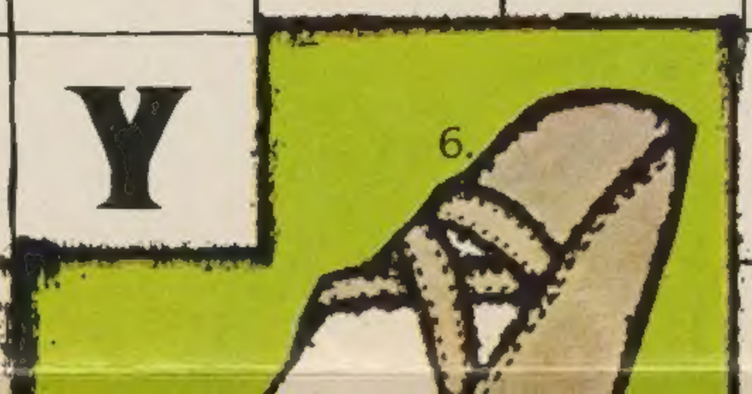
# SHOE FASHION PUZZLE

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| 5. A | L | E | | | | | | |
| 6. G | 7. V | I | N | | | | | |
| R | 8. E | N | S | | | | | |
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| 19. | W | | | P | | | | |

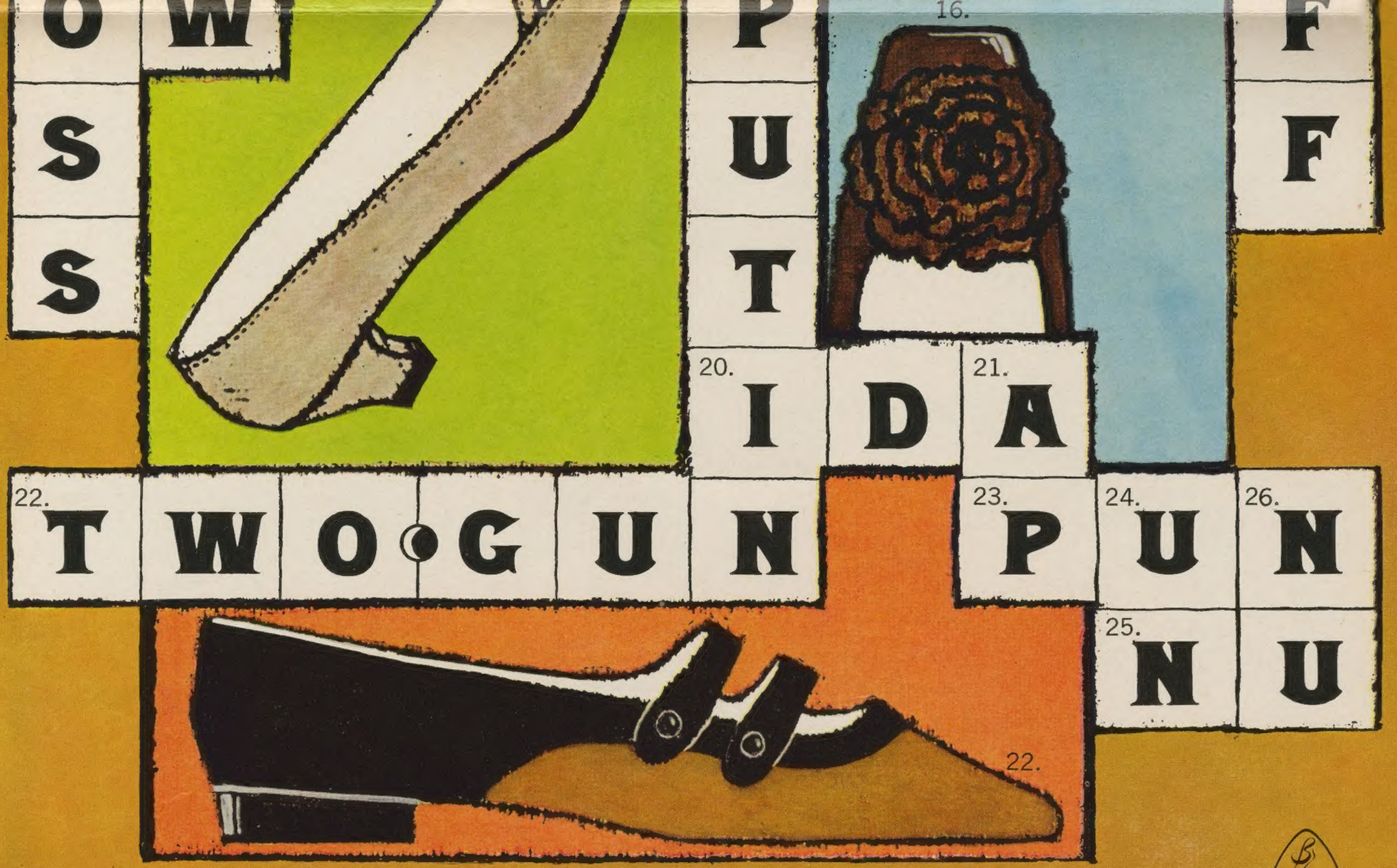











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SEPTEMBER 15, 1967

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DAVID BAILEY

COVER: Under the rose, a pretty girl in the prettiest pink imaginable: a long cowled dress, with short sleeves and white mink cuffs, in a clear perfect camellia-pink wool. The face dressed for pink wears a beige-toned makeup, with bisque-pink at the mouth: two of the new Glimmerglow lipsticks by Dorothy Gray—Glimmer Coral topped with Glimmer Gloss. A wool mark dress by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch in coachman's cloth by Worumbo. Hat by Jacques Tiffeau for Emme. Marvella earrings.

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to glitter.

To the left,
Adele Simpson expresses
That Ayres Look
in heavy brocade
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and lavishly necklaced
with a potpourri
of jewels.

To the right,
Larry Aldrich interprets
That Ayres Look
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incurved and iced
with a layer of stones
in a multitude
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Available at Bloomingdale's, New York; John T. Shayne, Chicago; Himmelhoch's, Detroit; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Neusteters, Denver. The Wool Bureau Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

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Because we have a place for them. Very special for women who travel. The Lady Hilton room. Designed for women. To their tastes. To their needs. A lady can tell she's not in the usual hotel room as soon as she walks in. By the decor. And when she looks around, she'll find a make-up mirror, skirt hangers, bath salts, a bathroom scale, hat racks. Even a shower cap and a sewing kit. And if there are any personal needs, there's a Lady Hilton Representative on call to help all women guests. All at no extra cost. We believe in treating a lady like a lady.

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# It's wool mark of the world's best

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

This year fashion is a wool coat: **DON SIMONELLI for MODELIA** assures it with this marvelously shaped three-quarter length stadium coat with detachable hood. It glitters with pavé rhinestone bar closings, gleams with the purity of wool coachman's cloth from Stevens Worumbo. And because it's wool, it's future-perfect fashion. This coat has the wool mark label, awarded by The Wool Bureau only to quality-tested products made of the world's best... pure virgin wool. Available in sizes 4-14.

**The American Way With Wool**

Available at Bloomingdale's, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Neusteters, Denver; Himmelhoch's, Detroit; Hutzler's, Baltimore; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis; Jordan Marsh, Boston.
The Wool Bureau Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.




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At Sanger-Harris, Dallas; Mabley & Carew, Cincinnati; Davison's of Georgia; Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co., Buffalo; and other leading stores.

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PACCIONE

## The Neustadter Intrigue

### A Saga Mink Thriller

Two subtle shades of natural
Saga Pastel Mink find themselves
irresistibly linked together
in an intricate scheme. Destined
to involve The Girl in the Saga Mink
Trenchcoat in a winter of
wild adventure. Saga Mink...
the more sumptuous mink from
Denmark Finland Norway Sweden

furs Neustadter


Bran
Van Raalte
because you

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## She says, "The Body Shirt of Dacron® is next."

Lucy Saroyan wears the "Frilly Dilly," a body shirt that is sculpted in line—lace and allure in design In ribbed voile of 65% Dacron* polyester and 35% cotton, about $14.00 sizes 8 to 18, by

**ADELAAR**
AT ALL THE STORES OF
**LORD & TAYLOR**



It's the coatdress for cocktails, a shirt shaped up in satin by Adele Simpson. It's dressing for today in a very individual way. It's one instance of the free spirit of fashion in the designer collections, Crystal Room.

HUDSON'S
*the Woodward Shops*

*REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF DU PONT




## She says, "The Body Shirt of Dacron® is next."

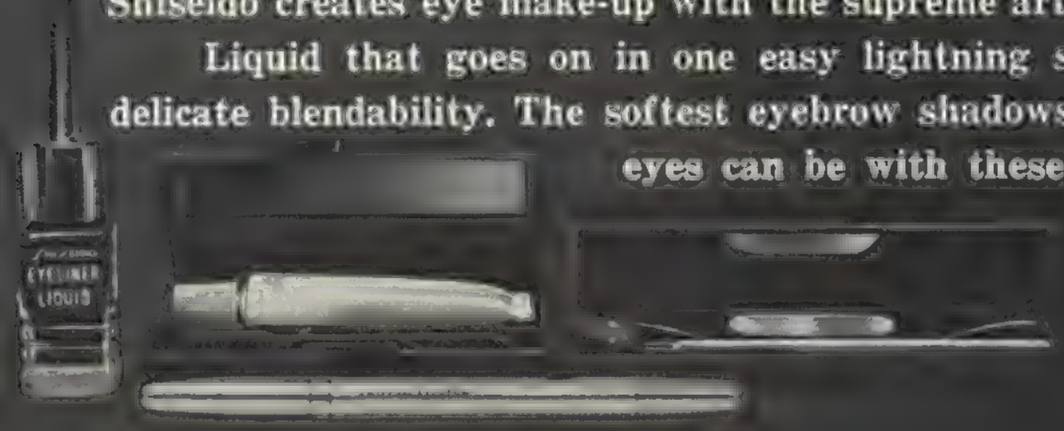
What Wendy Vanderbilt takes up with, takes off. Here she wears the "Body Shirt" that everybody will want to own. It's shaped the way you like to look—younger, leaner, more limber. In crepe of 100% Dacron* polyester, in white, beige, pink, or gold, about $12.00, sizes 8 to 16, by

**MORLOVE**
AT ALL THE STORES OF
**BONWIT TELLER**

# THE LOOK TO WATCH: ORIENTAL EYES

New in America! The ancient and exciting mystery of the Far East — the deep, exotic beauty of Oriental Eyes. Make Oriental Eyes only with Shiseido, dedicated to beautiful women [illegible]. Shiseido creates eye make-up with the supreme artistry of Japan, make-up inspired by the ancient "Noh" plays [illegible].

Liquid that goes on in one easy lightning stroke, peels off the same easy way. Eyeshadows of velvet [illegible] and delicate blendability. The softest eyebrow shadows and creamiest, most lasting mascara. See how enchanting [illegible] eyes can be with these cherished Oriental beauty secrets... now at chosen American [illegible].




SHISEIDO

TOKYO, NEW YORK, LOS ANGELES, HONOLULU
SHISEIDO COSMETICS (AMERICA) LTD. 509 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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## She says, "The Body Shirt of Dacron® is next."

Fashion innovator Mary, of Peter, Paul and, says the "Body Shirt" is her newest bit. One of her favorites is this crepe of 100% Dacron* polyester, in white, gold, beige, green, orange, or brown, about $10.00, sizes 8 to 16, by

**ALICE STUART**
AT ALL THE STORES OF
**BLOOMINGDALE'S**



# SAKOWITZ FESTIVAL MEXICANO PRE OLYMPICO

Sakowitz salutes
the 1968 Olympic country—Mexico.
From October 1 to October 14,
the beauty and creative arts of Mexico
will sparkle throughout specially created
shops. Sparkling against the Museo
del Risco fountain, **TEAL TRAINA'S** great
shirtdress of Taxco-inspired silver lamé.
The other shining light here, **KAHLÚA**, the
superb coffee liqueur made in Mexico.

Sakowitz
HOUSTON



# SAKOWITZ FESTIVAL MEXICANO PRE OLYMPICO

Mexico: land of contrasts—shocking combinations of brilliant colors and earth tones. Sakowitz presents a Festival filled with these sharp patterns. Here, the arroyo-inspired **AZTEC** luggage designed exclusively for Sakowitz by **FRENCH OF CALIFORNIA,** with travelling companion coat by Donald Brooks. Another perfect combination: **KAHLÚA'S** rich mixture of Kahlúa and Arandas Tequila known as the Brave Bull.

Sakowitz

HOUSTON



# SAKOWITZ FESTIVAL MEXICANO PRE OLYMPICO

**KAHLÚA'S** own superb collection of pre-Columbian figures, shown above on these pages, will be featured at the Sakowitz Festival, along with authentic art and sculpture from the fabled Mexican Museum of Anthropology. Part of Mexico's art-inspired fashion: sculptured silver in a Latin cape-costume by **MARISSA,** photographed at the Museum's Temple of Hochob in Bonampak.

Sakowitz

HOUSTON



# SAKOWITZ FESTIVAL MEXICANO PRE OLYMPICO

The atmosphere and cuisine of San Angel Inn, here heightened by mariachi strings and dancing hand-knotted fringes of **JEAN LOUIS** are recreated in Houston at Sakowitz famed Sky Terrace Restaurant for the Festival. An important part of this typical Mexican flavor: the myriad ways to serve **KAHLÚA** as a drink or for a coffee-accent in soufflés and crèpes.

Sakowitz

HOUSTON



# SAKOWITZ FESTIVAL MEXICANO PRE OLYMPICO

Collections of artistic pottery, rare Mexican coins and stamps, charro and rejuneador bullfight paraphernalia are all part of the Festival October 1 to 14 at Sakowitz. Shown here, an example of Mexican hand-laced inspiration by **PAT SANDLER FOR HIGHLIGHT.** Another important collection from Mexico is **KAHLUA'S** many formulas for cocktails from Kahlúa Sours to the legendary Kahlúa Black Russian.

Sakowitz

HOUSTON

KAHLUA • 53 PROOF • JULES BERMAN AND ASSOCIATES INC., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA



# SAKOWITZ FESTIVAL MEXICANO PRE OLYMPICO

**KAHLUA'S** velvet taste of rare coffee created in romantic Mexico City forms the precious mood for elegant evenings . . . Topaz—rare gem of Mexico—inspired **MALCOLM STARR** to create this example of Mexican elegance. The Sakowitz Festival will include many evenings and cultural events throughout October 1 to October 14 in Houston, embracing the great past and present of Mexico.

Sakowitz

HOUSTON



There is a certain kind of woman who has 20/20 vision in her mind's eye. For this woman, there is a certain kind of store: Peck & Peck.



You'd almost think the Russians are here! Judging, that is, by the long Cossack jacket that hides a small cap-sleeve "A" dress. Peck & Peck's own. Wool with Australian opossum in charcoal grey. 8 to 16, 130.00

Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston/St. Louis
Pittsburgh/Akron/Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia/Buffalo
Kansas City/Hartford/Detroit/Washington, D. C.
Atlanta/Twin Cities/Indianapolis

# BEAUTY CHECKOUT

*September 15*

*Two-level haircut in Paris*

If you happen to have long hair, happen to love it, but happen at the same time to wonder whether you've lost your grip on fashion because it's the same old long-hair hair you've worn for years, here's what to do. Cut it but don't cut it. Leave it long at the back, leave it long at the better part of the sides. But next to your face, have a pair of *very* thick, quite straight sideburns cut. Works out splendidly. So splendidly, in fact, that the two-level haircut has become a sort of international understanding. It's known, liked, and in operation in Paris, London, Rome, New York. At left, below, is the way Carita cuts the two-level cut in Paris. (She's rib-





boned and barretted this version, but no fixtures are necessary.) . . . At right, above, is another two-level Carita arrangement. Two falls, one short, one semi-long, both hemmed with a slight turn-under; again a barrette. . . .

*Little lotion for small troubles*

Every now and then something you could call an accessory to makeup comes along —and because it *is* an accessory, quite optional, not terribly visible, it has to work twice as hard to justify its existence. So we announce the arrival of such a hard-working, quite justifiable new accessory to makeup: a lotion meant to be patted on *over* makeup wherever the skin tends to collect small wrinkles. Intention of lotion is to smooth these out a bit. How in the world? We're told it derives from a fruit that's a lively astringent. Developed into a highly wearable product by the good Miss Evelyn Marshall, it's called EM Day. Looks like melted pink pearls, the silky glow of which remains mildly noticeable on the skin. Local opinion on this makeup accessory: it does seem to freshen and tighten; is especially good around the eyes. . . . Saks Fifth Avenue is among the eighty-three shops in the U. S. where Evelyn Marshall's cosmetics can be found. That's eighty-two more than five years ago. And that's nice too. . . .

*Leg coverage: medical report*

Waiting in the room of that name at the office of a certain New York physician whose entire practice is eradication of varicose veins and diminishment of spidery things on thighs and calves and ankles can be a vexing matter. More and more women satisfied with nothing less than total bodily perfection make busy specialist busier and busier. After an hour's wait for her examination, one stylish creature of our acquaintance learned this: "Those little blue spiders are not of the kind, nor at the stage of development, treatable by our methods. Why don't you just go home and put on some Ultima II leg makeup?" Startled by this medical "endorsement," we alerted our eye to leg makeup incidence, discovered this: People who have to be perfect—mannequins, for instance, for whom the least leg bruise is an impediment—have quietly taken to wearing leg makeup every day. . . .



**Elizabeth Arden's new glacial look "Northern Lights" all glint and tint, glimmer and shimmer.**

For cold hearts and warm complexions Elizabeth Arden's Pablo designed this many-splendored gamut of glacial colors for winter. He flicks light on your complexion with new Illusion Foundation. Shapes it with Arctic Pink blusher. Frosts eyes with the northern range of Creamy Powder Eye Shados and finishes the look with a polar pink lipshade called Northern Lights. Cool, isn't it?

Elizabeth Arden

# BAN-LON® COUTURE

Irene gives emphasis to the "Ban-Lon" look in a signature suit and costume in a carved diagonal, shaded in fall's newest burned browns. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

BULLOCK'S WILSHIRE HARZFELD'S MAISON BLANCHE MONTALDO'S



# THE DOWN UNDER LOOK

A hundred years ago, the only things that jumped in Australia were kangaroos. Today, Sydney swings, Melbourne moves, and all Down Under is very much in vogue. Starting here (with Kenneth Pirrie's triple-tiered smash pink dress in pure new wool), eight pages on this new, now force in looking, thinking, being–fresh, young, brave, utterly unabashed!

# DOWN UNDER–wildly woolly

Don't let anyone pull the wool over your eyes. Australia is it for wondrous woollens. Wool–pure new wool–is the great Australian signature, the largest home-grown crop. And this is how it happens! On the sheep's back at the 5,600-acre sheep station at Cooma, south of Sydney–blarney green safari suit by 'Dominex,' sheared north of the knee.





*Above:* Rampant against the sun-scorched Broken Hill desert, sun-scorched colors in Ricki Reed's pure new wool float-coat.
*Left:* Proud neo-colonial dress in primitive pink wool–by Kenneth Pirrie.
*Far left:* Post-bellum militia coats in peaceful pinks–the fuchsia one by Renny, the pale one by Mark Shaw . . . a pure new wool truce in a Sydney ante-bellum setting.

PURE NEW WOOL

# DOWN UNDER–the action

In Australia, stay-at-home is extinct. Aussies go out to be in. And they dress in effortless sporting gear with a unique raciness. *Below:* Maglia's jet pink pant-suit in 'Crimplene.' Available in U.S.: about $37. *Right:* At renowned Randwick Racecourse–a pure new wool winner in wattle yellow and blue checks. 'Dominex.' *Bottom right:* Down to the sea in ships. Sweater of Aussie pure new wool–'Villawool' handknits (patterns and wools available in the U.S. this fall).





# DOWN UNDER–color!

Australia is an opal. Look into it. It's a stone of the desert–a stone that mirrors Australia's idiosyncratic colors. The fiery red of the burnt Central Australian desert. The flaming orange of the hugely setting sun. The hard, bright light of Australia's skies. The galvanic green of the Queensland coast. Enigmatic, urban, lonely, lively, remote, romantic. *Right:* In opal country, a yellow evening shift. Designed by Leon Haskin. An ARNEL fabric by Bruck of Australia.
Available from Lord & Taylor–from $60.







*Left:* The ultra-positive new looks of Australian textiles–a skiing duo in 'Bri-Nylon' by Watersun. Photographed at Thredbo Village in the Australian Alps–where there's more snow than in Switzerland! Available in U.S.: Jacket about $60, pants about $38.
*Below:* Australian arts–The Primitive! Native masks and carvings. The prim, pale blue coat and dress. 'Crimplene.' Designed by Geoff Bade. Available in U.S.: about $62.



# DOWN UNDER

**HOW TO GET TO AUSTRALIA:**
QANTAS. Australia's Overseas Airline. Information—
542, 5th Avenue, New York. Telephone 697-6050.
350, Post Street, San Francisco. Telephone 982-3670.

**TRAVEL IN AUSTRALIA:**
Write or call the Australian Tourist Commission (San Francisco—350, Post Street; New York—636, 5th Avenue) or see your Travel Agent. They will supply you with all the travel information you want on Australia.

**FIBRE, FABRIC AND FASHION BUYERS:**
Wherever your interest lies in the field of textiles, The Textile Council of Australia, 234 Collins Street, Melbourne, Australia, will gladly plan and organise an effective buying visit to Australia.
For additional information on the fabrics and fashions in this special Australian section phone or write:
AUSTRALIAN WOOL BOARD,
Bourke Street, Melbourne, Australia.
FIBREMAKERS LTD.,
95 Collins Street, Melbourne.
BRUCK MILLS (AUST.) LTD.
Fabric weavers of infinite variety
367 Kent Street, Sydney.
118 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

**FOR GENERAL TRADE ENQUIRIES:**
AUSTRALIAN DEPARTMENT OF TRADE & INDUSTRY.
636, 5th Avenue, New York.
1735, Eye Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. or contact your nearest Australian Trade Commissioner.

# WEAR-DATED

**A one year guarantee,** refund or replacement by Monsanto, comes with all Wear-Dated® clothes. Return them with tags and sales slip if they don't last for one full year's normal wear. Culotte $14. Vest $10. Both in plaids of black/orange/green, blue/red/gold, blue/red/green. Shirt $10. In orange, blue, green. All in sizes 6-18. And all in a fabric of 50% Blue "C"® polyester, 50% cotton.



AT BURDINE'S MIAMI

What this country needs is a good old-fashioned bargain.




Lynn Stuart for Mister Pants




For a select group of women: those 5'5" or under who need slightly narrower shoulder lines, a shorter waistline and a bit more fullness in waist and hips. Two figure-skimming A-lines that keep their shape and scoff at wrinkles. Solid in Teal, Red or Green. Paisley in Blue or Plum. Both in 100% Orlon* acrylic bonded to acetate. About $21.00. Sizes 12B-22B.

Prices slightly higher in the west. * ORLON is DuPont's trademark for its acrylic fiber.

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| RIGHT 4125B | | |

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

# VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

## *On the attainment of flingable hair*

Saw one of the happy people shining more brightly than usual the other day, flinging her head around sassily. "I'm walking my hair," she explained, tilting her mane to the light. It bounced, it shone, it spelled c-l-e-a-n. And the news, she said, was that it was a home job. Nothing new about that except that it was a Pantene home job. The heretofore salon-only conditioner has gone public. Treatment de Pantene is going to make a lot of busy-but-love-Pantene ladies happy. This is not just a cover-up operation or a rinse that makes hair easy to comb. Tested out fastidiously in Europe by the very thorough Swiss makers—and that's always comforting—this conditioner reaches deep inside the hair strand. We can't tell you how it does or exactly *what* it does inside there but it behaves rather like vitamin intake; mends, stabilizes, protects hair shaft. Just takes a pleasant minute on damp hair—straightened, dyed, bleached, or otherwise plagued—for a sassy, walkable head of hair, top-notch hair that looks as if it deserves top position.

## *Kicking up a shindy*

Could there be a well-known French designer whose perfumes the U.S. didn't encounter until recently? There is, and the name is Madeleine de Rauch whose fragrances, after making a remarkable European splash, are just now doing the triumphal tour of America. That success was no accident since eleven international perfumers put their noses together to arrive at a perfect contemporary perfume to express the De Rauch aura. "Not for the chamber music crowd," they announced when they came out with Belle de Rauch, a fascinating match between Bulgarian rose and Persian ambergris with lots of wedding attendants. . . . De Rauch's Vacarmé? Well they kicked up a shindy with that one, which is what the word Vacarmé means to tell you. It's a sultry shindy with jasmine, honeysuckle, and Oriental rose lurking auspiciously in the background. . . . Madeleine de Rauch perfumes are still just that here: straight perfume. But we're promised, in October, Belle and Vacarmé in Eau de Parfum Aerosol. . . . (More Ready Beauty, page 80.)



***Siesta Suit*** Billowy bloomers under a smashing side-slashed tunic. $20, and every home should have one. From our Fire Garden print collection in polished Dazalon finish. • Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Ave., New York

**VANITY FAIR**



Innocent color.
Children come by it
naturally.
You can have it for $2.25.

A child's hair color is not like yours or mine.

There's an innocence about it which, frankly, most hair coloring cannot recreate.

Toni wanted to know why.

We called in 14 children—the 14 most touchingly *young* shades we could find. And we studied them.

In every strand, we found a quiet, unobvious tone. It was as if Nature had put in some sort of "quieter."

So we developed a formula that does the same thing. It quiets down hair color.

A permanent hair coloring, so new and different, it takes only 10 minutes to shampoo in. Yet it covers completely and won't wash out.

There are 14 shades. We've reproduced one of them here.

On the left, innocent color by birth.

On the right, innocent color by Toni.




Cone makes corduroy for suburban coats, too.
Cone Corduroy, the familiar casual-wear fabric. Now, it's the newest sophisticate in town. Cone all- cotton corduroy goes where it's happening. HAYMAKER designs corduroy pantsuits, bermuda shorts, stovepipe slacks, print-lined suits. And the sporty pant dress shown here. In Wild Rose, Willow Green, Bone, Nugget Gold. Sizes 8-18. About $23. Slightly higher on the West Coast.
Insist on quality. Make sure the fabric tag says Cone. Available at:
Best & Co., New York;
J. W. Robinson Co., Los Angeles;
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia;
Gus Mayer & Co., All branches;
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.;
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis.
CONE GO CASUAL WITH CONE FABRICS.
Cone makes fabric for apparel, home and industry. Cone Mills Inc., 1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10018

Also available in Canada.



Crepeset® Nylon by Enka

# Kayser® is marvelous in bed

Who's got the nerve to call all this magnificence p.j.'s? They're indeed the cat's pajamas in Enka Crepeset® nylon. Party pink, gold, dresden blue. Small, medium, large. $15.

Once again, Kayser wins the pillow fight.

Kayser-Roth Lingerie,
640 Fifth Ave., New York 10019.



Etienne Aigner

LEATHER BAG IN TWO SIZES ABOUT $28 AND $36.
SILK SCARF $8.

**Lord & Taylor and authorized dealers**
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**The tender cowhide for Highlander's "Coachman's Coat" was raised in the rough country. How could a little dirt hurt it?**



Cowhide is leather's newest look, and Highlander tailors only supple skins that wear every way but out. Brass-buttoned body coat has deep flapped pockets. About $160 in 6 to 16 sizes at Henri Bendel, New York; Flah's, Syracuse; Adler's, Kansas City; or write Highlander, 1407 Broadway, N.Y., for other stores. (While you're about it, ask for a leather care booklet).

Highlander

# VOGUE'S

***The English wedding of Amanda Heywood-Lonsdale and the Marquess of Hartington***

1



A beguiling blend of pleasure and measured ritual marked the London wedding of Amanda Carmen Heywood-Lonsdale and Peregrine Andrew Morny Cavendish, Marquess of Hartington, the only son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire. Traffic ground to a halt in Trafalgar Square as royalties and peers of the realm arrived for the ceremony at the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Eight cherubic children attended the bride, who wore with her Givenchy dress and veil a Devonshire diamond tiara.

Special busses took guests to the monumental neo-Greek Fishmongers' Hall at London Bridge for the reception. Then the wedding party disbanded, rejoining later at a gala ball—a rousing send-off for the young couple who flew for their honeymoon to Kashmir.



2



3



4

# NOTEBOOK



5



6



7



8

1. At the wedding reception, left to right, back row: Mr. David Heywood-Lonsdale, Mr. Richard Beckett, the bride and groom, the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire. Middle: the Hon. Amanda Knatchbull; Mrs. Edward Heywood-Lonsdale, mother of the bride; Mr. Peter Heywood-Lonsdale; H. M. Queen Elizabeth II; H. M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; the Duke of Devonshire; the Duchess of Devonshire; Lady Sophia Cavendish. Front: the Hon. Philip Knatchbull, Leo Bertrand, Ashley Hicks, Harry Cory-Wright, Alexander Bailey, Patrick Gibbs, Isabel Tennant. 2. The Marquess and Marchioness of Hartington. 3. Miss Jane Wyndham, Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill. 4. Lady Mary Kerr, Mr. Andrew Parker Bowles. 5. Lady Anne and the Hon. Colin Tennant. 6. Mr. Michael Fish, Lady Romayne Grimston. 7. Miss Jeanie Illingworth, H. R. H. Prince Michael of Kent. 8. Left to right: Mr. Cecil Beaton, Miss Nancy Mitford, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Hon. Mrs. Pamela Jackson, Lady Mosley, the Duke of Devonshire.




EXCLUSIVE FASHION 504

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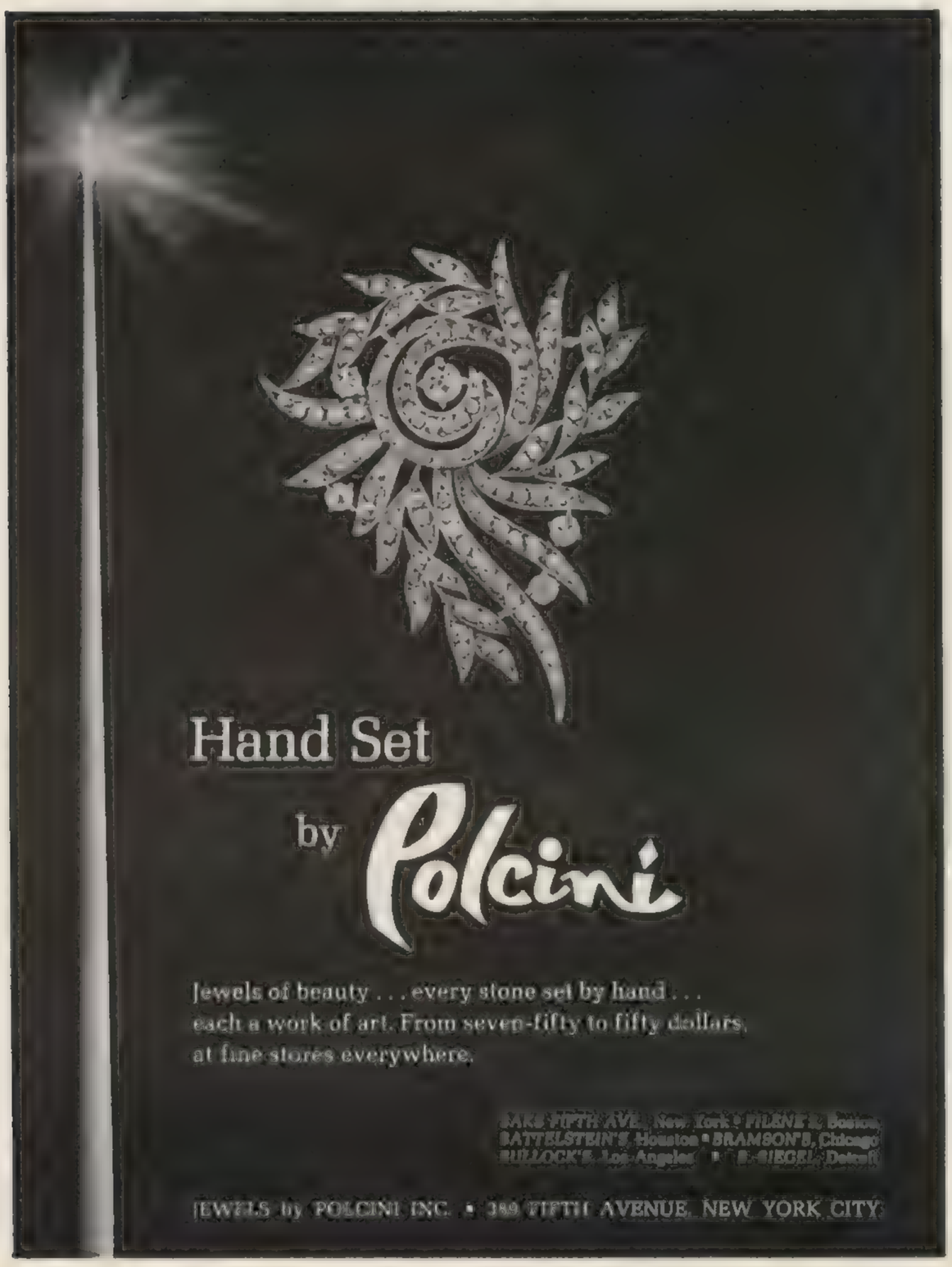
Choice

*If you could have just one nice suit, it might be this: box-pleated, fully-lined, and in a wool hopsacking plaid of thin-lined windowpane squares. Marvelous colors. Sizes 6 to 16. The cotton knit pullover matches either the lines or the squares. S, M, L. Suit about $50, pullover about $7 at good stores and college shops.*

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

# MOVIES

By JUDITH CRIST

## *Bonnie and Clyde,* "*triumph*"

With *Bonnie and Clyde* Warren Beatty and Arthur Penn firmly establish themselves as one of the most excitingly creative teams in American moviemaking. In their second joint effort (their first, *Mickey One,* is still a bit ahead of its audience), the young producer-actor and his director have dealt with an American folk legend in almost ballad form and triumphed.

Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow have their fact-and-fiction niche in the hoodlum hall of fame of the thirties; where the fact ends and the fiction begins is no longer decipherable or very relevant to the brief history of the couple who drifted together by chance, set themselves up as bank robbers, graduated to gangsterism and murder, eked through their brief and bloody career, and posthumously won folk-hero status. What is relevant is that they were drifters, nobodies, yearning to be any kind of somebodies, rebels with no cause beyond the moment's rebellion. They happened at a time when a third of the nation was rootless but immobilized by the Depression, debilitated and apathetic, and ready to admire in secret the surface derring-do of those who could get away with striking at the Establishment. Thus Bonnie and Clyde and their "gang" cut a swathe from Texas through the Dust Bowl of the Midwest to a deadly entrapment in Louisiana with lawmen on their heels and bystanders strangely divided in their ethical loyalties.

It is in retrospect that the pathos of this pair, so much a product of their time and so potentially to be paralleled in ours, is evident—and this evidence provides the particular distinction of what might well have been just another gangster movie, another glorification of violence and rebellion, another bit of lip-service to morality. Instead, Beatty and Penn and their associates have given us a portrait of a pair of displaced young people on the run, catapulted from one atrocity to another by their neurotic sensualities, terrifying in their complete dissociation from humanity, their aspiration to nothing beyond the satisfaction of the moment's whim.

Slowly, almost bucolically, Arthur Penn unfolds the boy-and-girl meeting, underlining the sexuality on Bonnie's part, the introverted bravado on Clyde's. The sordidness of their successes, the horror of their prankishness, the sadism of their playtime, and the emptiness of their lifetimes is played out, all to the tangy twang of a banjo, against the rolling expanse of a countryside that has little to offer even the non-misfit.

Warren Beatty, so often merely a promising performer, fulfills himself as Clyde, revealing every inward weakness and outward ferocity of the man for whom weapons and the driver's wheel provide potency; Estelle Parsons is nothing less than brilliant in her screen début as Clyde's sister-in-law who is hurled into crime; Gene Hackman is flawless as the brother dumbly devoted to his flashier sibling, and Michael J. Pollard is excellent as the near-moronic lad blindly devoted to his leaders. It is a tribute to Faye Dunaway's talents that she blends with the cast as Bonnie, bringing to her rôle a jittery libido, a rapacity, and an intermittant animalism that almost compensate for her immaculate good looks that provide a Hollywood contrast to the naturalism of the other players.

Naturalism—in characters and background—is the mark of this film in its technical perfections. Saturated in time and place, we are left with the universality of the theme and its particular contemporary relevance. And this is the triumph of *Bonnie and Clyde.*

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

# BOOKS

By FREDERIC TUTEN

## *The Puzzleheaded Girl,*

## "*charismatic reading*"

Christina Stead's *The Puzzleheaded Girl* (Holt. Rinehart and Winston), a collection of four previously published novellas, is exactly the kind of invigorating shock that sends us rushing back to reading, to novels, to other Steads. There is more mystery, pleasure, and wonder in these straightforward tales than in any amount of intermedia mindblast.

Miss Stead's stories, mysterious in the way that people are mysterious, are spooky and awesome and creepy. At best, the characters are mild and quirky, like Augustus Debrett, a socialist businessman plagued by his own kindness; or like Sam and Clare Parsons or Martin and Laura Dean, intelligent, benign, urbane—that is, much like ourselves or the way we think of ourselves. But mostly, Miss Stead's people are quietly mad; and the women are empty, sexually thwarted, infantile—some, near hysteria.

Honor Lawrence, the puzzleheaded girl, is a wild, hurt innocent whose experiences only maim and embitter her. She is the spirit of all failed womanhood. "Love!" she cries, "I spit. . . . It kills you. It's to get you. There's no love at all."

Love is what Lydia, in "The Dianas," a thirty-year-old teasing virgin, most desperately needs. While in Paris hunting for a husband, Lydia invites Russell, an old friend recently arrived from the States, to travel with her. She arranges that they share the same hotel room and bed, but when he tries to make love to her, she savagely repulses him. Later she calls him "a capon from the barnyard" for not being man enough to seduce her. Hilda, in "The Rightangled Creek," is more likable, although more grotesque. She believes that she is Pocahontas, married to Captain John Smith: a harmless enough delusion, perhaps—until the day she tries to tomahawk her parents.

"Girl from the Beach" is on the surface the story of an aging man in love with one young hung-up girl after another, but the focus is on two of these girls: Barby, one of George's former wives, an alimony-squeezing amoral leech; and Linda, his latest passion, a twenty-year-old mixture of a middle-class Barbarella, a female Holden Caulfield, and a virginal Candy.

Miss Stead's tales are more intricate than what has been outlined here. "Girl from the Beach," for example, spans two decades of American life, commenting obliquely on the Bohemianism of the forties and the Silent Generation of the fifties, of which Linda is the avatar. And Hilda, in "The Rightangled Creek," is only a peripheral figure in a story of two families who temporarily live on a beautiful but cursed farm. Laban Davies, an alcoholic, comes to the farm to write books and avoid the bottle; but Laban tempts himself to drink with his own impassioned rhetoric on the torments and joys of alcohol. With his rhapsodies of distress, Laban courts and wins self-destruction. Like Honor Lawrence and others in *The Puzzleheaded Girl*, Laban is an artist of his own despair.

In the revelation of character—often Miss Stead's people burst into incantatory monologues on their dreams and anguish—and in the expression of the pathos of life, the people in these stories seem like the people in *Winesburg, Ohio*, except that they are city people. The stories lack the sufficient density of meaning and complexity of motives, the sense of transcendence, the resonance to make them major literature, yet *The Puzzleheaded Girl* makes for charismatic reading by an artist who knows the world.


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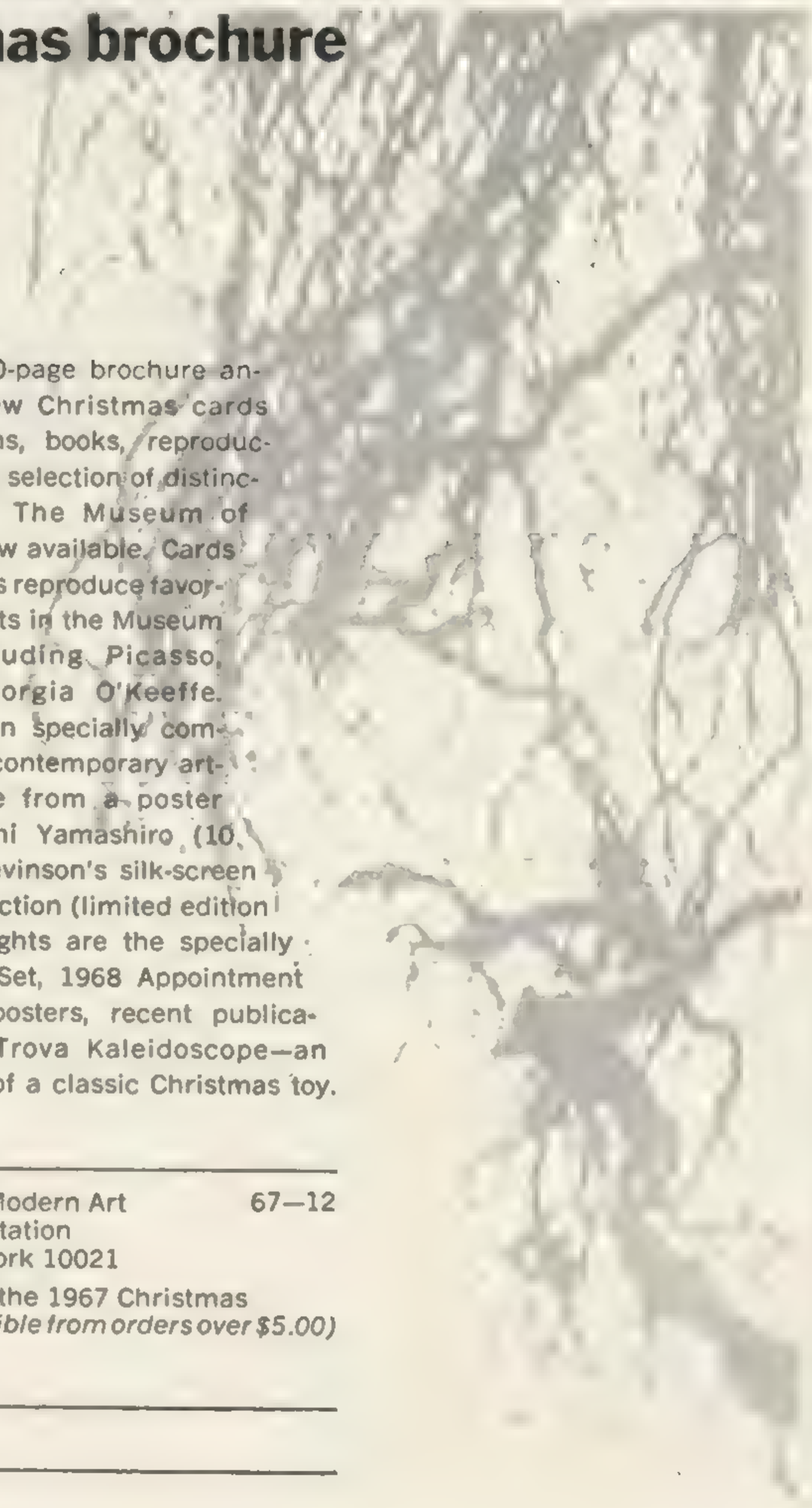

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

# TRAVEL

By DESPINA MESSINESI

## *Australia: strange but familiar*

In the thick blackness of a midtown Melbourne park, schoolgirls leaping like ballerinas on a lighted stage were playing night basketball. . . . In Darwin on a hot, breathless night, there floated in the sounds of spectators at the ball field—sounds like the screams and laughter from a small Spanish bull ring. . . . One of Australia's natural assets is the great stretches of warm weather. In the vast ranchlands, there is no need for barns and silos. All of Australia's eighteen thousand, five hundred tennis courts are open-air. On weekends, people move out of city houses to swim, sail, and surf in the sea, to go to races and Rugby games. . . . Australia, an easy country to explore, is like a gulp of fresh air; no language barrier, no currency problem.

## *Sydney: lively, glistening*

Sydney, Australia's great harbour city, glistens. . . . Its one hundred and eighty million dollar new skyline rises over fleets of sailboats, over green ferries, and over hydrofoils that skim as dragonflies do by that celebrated arch—Sydney's harbour bridge. . . . Kirribbilli, Woolloomooloo, Woolahra, names of streets and bays, sound like words mispronounced by children learning to speak. . . . School hats worn by girls—cloches with striped ribbon bands or berets—have a Chanel elegance; boys wear porkpie hats and grey flannels, carry their school books in small brown suitcases. . . . All over the city, there are the scents of camellia and plumeria trees, of roses, and of eucalyptus trees that have trunks spotted like Dalmatians. Enormous Moreton Bay fig trees shade with their broad, dark glossy leaves. . . . Bands in bright uniforms play in the parks during lunch time.

Four places to stay in Sydney: The newest is the red brick Wentworth Hotel, semicircular, tall, and balconied. Its rooms are remarkably quiet, air-conditioned, and full of comforts: television dials on the bedside tables; fluffy orange blankets; good bathrooms with packets of soap especially for washing woollens; masses of closets and surfaces for "things." Other conveniences under the roof: sauna, massage, dentist and doctor, two banks, an excellent drugstore, shops, good day and night room service, and next door is the Qantas airline office. Qantas's jet fleet coiling around the world traces lines rather like umbilical cords never severed from Australia. . . . At the sedate and large Menzies Hotel in the business part of Sydney, guests should ask for rooms which face the leafy park. At teatime in the vast Park Lounge patterns of sunlight shift restlessly over white damask tablecloths. All the Menzies staff wear some touch of tartan. . . . The three-year-old Town House is a small private hotel which, in Australia, means that there is no public bar. Guests may, however, order drinks in the dining room. All its air-conditioned rooms, arranged like sitting rooms, have refrigerators plus coffee and tea equipment. Some overlook the tangle of masts on Rushcutters Bay, plus a small piece of blue sea. . . . Belvedere, another private hotel, preserves the feeling of a large Victorian house, which indeed it used to be. Charming rooms with flowered wallpapers have wrought-iron balconies above the garden. Handsome pieces of Victoriana and buhl furniture stand in corridors and in the parlours. Almost fixtures, two Great Danes drape the entrance. About restaurants: Reservations are necessary in Sydney restaurants, and most of them close on Sundays. Among those that do not is the Ayers Rock Grill at the Wentworth Hotel. Nothing around the dimly lighted Grill escapes (Continued on page 74)

# *"I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury...* BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith

"I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy;* nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

"Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense*, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, *or even richer.*

"Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

"May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

> "The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.
>
> "*Three years after,* this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.
>
> " 'But' (said he) 'it proved a dear cap to our congregation.'
>
> "How so?"
>
> " 'When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds.*'
>
> " 'True', (said the farmer) 'but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued,* and is likely to continue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.'
>
> "Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens."

"Poor Richard" put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn't it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don't need.

Don't need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man's history. Shouldn't we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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## *Australia*

(Continued from page 70)

Albert, its Viennese maître d'; his eyes seem to have built-in wide-angle lenses. Simple food—rock oysters, Australia's great specialty; steaks; baked potatoes—cooked well. . . . Proofs of the good Italian food at Beppi's, a small, unpretentious place named after its Venetian owner, are a Golden Fork, which he won for the best Italian food in Sydney, and a Key for the excellent stock of Australian wine. Beppi's is thoroughly Italian, a trattoria transplanted. . . . Ozone on Watson's Bay is like a St. Tropez beachcomber bistro with boats beached on the sand and, at night, a glittering view of Sydney lights. Responsible for the superb seafood are two chefs from Marseilles and the French owner, Michel Ray. Wonderful dark-brown bread, slabs of butter, and a remarkable crème caramel. Guests must bring their own wine or beer—a wine shop stands conveniently around the corner. . . . In a handsome large house with lacy ironwork and a vine-covered terrace, Le Trianon serves first-rate French food with style—in elegant dining rooms. . . . Two French bistros, one, in fact, called Bistro, and the other, French Tavern, are deep in basements. Both list *plats du jour* on slate menus and have combos playing at night. . . . Dinner at Prunier's in Double Bay, ten minutes from the centre of town, is a Sydney tradition. Specialties: Queensland crab, six inches across; grilled prawns; flambé bananas. The backbone of the success of Prunier's is its Greek owner, Tony Geminis, and his compatriot, Stelios.

About shopping: Golf bags in kangaroo fur or in soft kangaroo hide are sold on the second floor of the David Jones men's shop, a separate block-big building in Sydney. Here, too, lightweight bowling bags with zippers make good bags for carrying cameras, films. . . . Prouds, the well-known jewellery store, includes in its collection some pieces made with glowing Australian cultured pearls. An eleven-millimetre pearl ring, about $950. An effective ring with a sixteen-millimetre half pearl, under $100. . . .

Boutiques in Double Bay have attractive things, both Australian and from the "world," some made to measure. . . . Magg in Double Bay is a sister shop of the one begun in Melbourne by Mrs. Harold Holt, the attractive, capable wife of Australia's Prime Minister. Good-looking clothes, well made, and in appetizing materials. Jersey dresses, about $100; suits, about $160. In five-cornered dressing rooms mirrors have mock-turtle frames rimmed with stage lights. . . . At Primavera, the racks are full of bright sports clothes designed by Chris Jacovides who also makes beautiful evening clothes to order. . . . My Husband and I, a new shop with a purple glazed-brick façade, has charged-up clothes for both men and women. As an example, a well-cut corduroy raincoat, $40. Custom-order clothes designed by Frank Mitchell have a different label from those off the peg designed by him.

Note for women: It's not unusual for some women to fly from Darwin to Sydney, roughly the distance from California to New York, to have their hair done by Alexander of Double Bay. This small, quiet man understands hair—about cut, design, dyes, conditioning. In his two-storey salon with red lacquer walls, operators wear orange *happi* coats. The upstairs salon looks out on a small Japanese garden with a fountain. Because word reached the United States of Alexander's skill, Vogue scooped him up to do the hair of the Vogue model photographed in Australia and shown in this issue on pages 167 to 171.

Flying Qantas: A curious habit shared by many airline clerks who seemingly delight in keeping passengers in the dark about actual flight information produces a series of pleasant surprises aboard Qantas. On the eastbound trip, for instance, Qantas clerks, without batting an eye, speak of a five-hour stopover in San Francisco, a grim prospect for most travellers. They fail to explain, however, that passengers there (Continued on page 78)



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"If you have time for a beauty ritual, great. But if you have a schedule like mine—car pool, studio, office, Girl Scouts, interview, dinner party, etc. etc. in one 'normal day'—you'll know why we put *all* the complexion help we could in this one formula. Pouf, it goes on. Pouf, it moisturizes, softens, lubricates, prepares skin for make-up. What could be simpler? Maybe turtles were made ugly so they could help make us beautiful. Ever think about that?"



POLLY BERGEN

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## *Australia*

(Continued from page 74)

dine in an airport motel, are assigned to rooms, have three hours to sleep, and all "on the house." Neither do they mention the sky-blue pillows and blankets on the planes; the rugged stewards in crisp white jackets, almost too small for their broad shoulders; the lovely drawings of Australian wild flowers on the walls.

## *Melbourne: green, spired, good for shopping*

One lovely way to go from Melbourne's airport to the centre of the city is to drift there by helicopter. On the seven-minute ride, the helicopter floats over the celebrated oval where the Melbourne Cup race is held in November; over shiny skyscrapers, and Victorian spires; over the Yarra River, before plunking down on a landing raft moored on the river.

Melbourne pointers: The John Batman Motor Inn on the fringe of Melbourne is an out-of-the-ordinary motel. Beautifully run and designed, it has five floors of attractive rooms in clean colours. Comforts in each room include fresh flowers, refrigerators stocked every day with milk and fruit: pantry cupboards camouflaged as bureaus hide cups, saucers, and earthenware teapots. Room service is free, and so are the kennels and food for pets.

In the Melbourne suburb of St. Kilda, Tolarno, an unusual combination—part gallery, part restaurant—works like this: A regular dining room with walls hung with works by Australia's top painters; a bistro with beguiling murals by Mirka Mora, wife of the restaurant's owner; a sculpture yard, and a long art gallery. . . . Some of Australia's best contemporary art is shown at the South Yarra Gallery, a small white building in the tangled back garden of Mrs. Robert Dulieu, who runs the gallery with enormous flair. . . . At Magg, the earlier of the two zippy boutiques started by Mrs. Harold Holt, the cupboards are filled with beautifully made clothes—ballgowns to sports clothes. . . . Tu, opened less than two years ago by Mrs. Richard Austin, a blond attractive Latvian, has excellent day things and evening clothes made by good Italian tailors in the back room. . . . Three in a row: Wendy Mead's hat shop is pandemonium around Melbourne Cup race day. . . . At Balencia, the two racks of stark and Spanishy clothes are designed and fitted by Victoria Cascajo, a thirty-year-old Spanish woman, who learned the métier in the atelier of the great Balenciaga. . . . The delicious aroma of freshly ground coffee at the Grinders Coffee House traps shoppers. Mr. Rino Benassi, the Italian coffee-bean merchant, brews small cups of coffee for customers who come for the special blend of coffee beans from all over the world.

Many people in Melbourne choose Maxim's when they want to dine particularly well. French cuisine; notable chocolate soufflés prepared by a Spanish chef, served by Spanish waiters. Expensive. Reservations necessary.

In midtown Melbourne: Southern Cross, the big and blue Intercontinental Hotel is very hotel-hotel which businessmen like. Women like the string of good boutiques on the hotel's covered arcade. . . . Opposite the Southern Cross on Little Collins Street is the delightful eating place Little Reata. The great thing here is the buffet—venison, roast beef, hot pilafs—hearty, abundant spreads of food . . . marvellous black bread, tubs of butter, tortes, cheesecake. Women in white kerchiefs who replenish platters work silently unless someone speaks Hungarian as they and the owner, Tom Lazar, do. Not expensive. Lunch and dinner.

Midtown Melbourne has vast parks, delightful to drive through or to walk in under the shade of the trees. The parks and the quiet Yarra River together quiver with reminders of the Seine and the Bois de Boulogne—rare suggestions of European nostalgia in the great, vivid, going land of Australia.

Escape from the stuffy world of ordinary sportswear. Breathe the open air spirit of Outdoor Inwear by White Stag. Clothes made to live outdoors...and still look "in." Like this 100% pure wool cavalry twill pant suit. Sleek lines, brilliant color and careful tailoring let you do everything...and look great doing it. Why not? It's Outdoor Inwear from White Stag... the Original Outdoor People—since 1884. Sizes 8-16. $60.00 White Stag Manufacturing Company, Portland, Oregon.

# outdoor inwear

White Stag

A DIVISION OF THE WARNER BROTHERS COMPANY

# VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

## *Eyes in a long-view mirror*

When we (meaning nearly all women) put on makeup, we use little mirrors. We can be so involved in getting the eyeliner on straight that the total effect escapes us. Now there's another way out of this since Clairol has gone into the eye makeup business. The *whole* business. As everyone knows, they've been doing their thing in relating hair colour to facial makeup for some years. This new step goes all the way in putting us together with eye makeup for blondes, for brunettes, for redheads, for silvery. It may sound confusing to tell you that Clairol brow pencils are in eight tones, liner and mascara in five, eyeshadow in thirteen. Actually, they've made it goof-proof by zeroing in on every hair colour type and then letting us decide whether we want to play it soft or loud. The shadow colours are spectac, with special kudos to a tender plum you can see on page 133. The mascara has a moisturizer. Special news is in the packaging: tiny retractable brushes, ditto swivel-point pencils. Micro-mini eyeshadow compacts. Nice looking all the way.

## *One more reason for why...*

"It's a great perfume," said the local nose. And when she gets wind of something good she gets rather lengthily-winded about it. "At the moment, it's by far my favourite. Attracts men to me more than anything I've used since seventeen." Since that was long before we knew her, we have no idea of what she was up to then, but we do know what scents her now. Parfum "Y" is the responsible party. That Yves Saint Laurent contribution to a good woman's portfolio of enhancers is now around in a "natural spray" lipstick-sized job. (Natural spray= no propellent necessary to make scented mists.) A pursable matter, it's a metred spray bottle entitled Spray Sac, and not a precious particle gets wasted. "Beautiful blend of young freshness and seductiveness," the local nose observed. "Young and *semi*-young," she added cautiously. Why not? . . .

## *The young skin in a magnifying glass*

There are at least two sides to every age and stage. One of the *other* sides in the great-to-be-young bit is the adolescent skin. It is downright cruel that teenagers, who tend to magnify every little bump anyway, have to put up with this. But do they really? As science works away at the question (antibiotics, hormones, and vaccines are all being explored), Jaquet works at the simple problem of cleanliness, brings help through new medicated treatment called Young Success. All kinds of items that even a good old skin would like include a soap, Control Savon, that you lather up with a super-size toothbrush, then finger-massage over your face. Other Young Successes intend to cover and help heal blemishes. Teens, and women who haven't seen theirs for decades, will covet a white liquid foundation that evens coverage, sends spots and circles to hiding. Young Success is just frankly made to get in there and do the job.

## *A cup of tea and perfume*

The making and taking of a cup of green tea, the learned gestures of the tea ceremony, are supremely important bits in Japan. So is deep and delving meditation. So: Whose cup of tea are we about to celebrate here? That of those who have a feeling for Zen, the self discipline and delicate grace of which philosophy inspire the importances above. When the Shiseido people, longtime and big-time Japanese cosmetics makers, decided to brew their utterly distinctive perfume, all of the mysterious ways of the East were called into play. They wanted a fragrance that expressed the purity of Zen, and when they developed same it followed that they named it same. The Zen scent in all its forms—perfume, cologne, bath oil, dusting powder—whispers of high adventure. The paradoxical allure of Eastern woman meets Western woman and her man, and so far no Westerner's been heard complaining. . . .



TAD WAKAMATSU

## *The fog that refreshes*

We'd say it's a gas. The people who invented it would say it's a *brume*, the French *mot* for fog, haze, mist. They were in no fog, however, when they created Brumaire *(above)*, a make-it-yourself atomizer with great expectations. What they've done is separate the gas from the liquid. Cartridges containing Freon gas propellent have been inserted into a cut-crystal or cut-glass flacon—into which you might have inserted mineral water to wake up, cool off, spray away midday complexion lag, to set a perfect makeup job. This puts you in control of pure, non-gas mixed contents and produces a forceful jet spray that drips not. The cologne you love or the astringent you use as a facial nightcap would be at home in Marcel Franck's Brumaire, too. Bonwit Teller.

# 3 sheers!

## Now there's a Fling support stocking for every occasion.

New Super Wear. Just the Fling for fashion-conscious housewives and career girls. Sheer, seamless, comfortable—and extra long-wearing. Sturdy—but far from stodgy! $4.95.

Active Sheer. The all-day go-where-you-may Fling. Just the right sheer support for walking, shopping, gallery-going or lunch with the girls. They'll never guess you're wearing support stockings! $5.95.

Dress Sheer. Sheerest of the sheers, for your dressiest days and most elegant evenings. Festive, fashionable. Yet with that same firm Fling support. $6.95.

Three sheers that rate three cheers. Fling support stockings in three styles—one perfect for any and every occasion. No other support stocking gives you this delicious choice. And no other kind can give the fabulous freedom from fatigue that's built into every Fling! Special patented fingers of Spandex gently hug and squeeze . . . soothe . . . relax . . . like a leg massage. And only Fling comes in the exact leg and foot size perfect for you. So give three cheers—for three sheers—from Fling!



fling!

UNTIL THE WIND BLOWS . . .
NOBODY KNOWS
THEY'RE SUPPORT STOCKINGS.

# *Tell them Sydney sent you.*



Sydney under the sun, by Robert Goodman.

## *We can send you there any day.*

And even your most jaded friends will turn green. Because there's nothing like Sydney's harborside townhouses. Its bays and beaches right in the city. This is the place for water babies and jazz buffs, clothes horses and culture hounds. And those very polished, candid and witty people called Sydney-siders. Come with us to Sydney any day. We can show you Hawaii, Tahiti, Fiji, New Zealand, Samoa and New Caledonia on the way if you like. See your Pan Am® Travel Agent. Or call us. You'll know you're flying the very best there is. It's a good feeling. And the best to Sydney.

***World's most experienced airline***

First on the Pacific  First on the Atlantic  First in Latin America  First 'Round the World

PAN AM ®

# MEN IN VOGUE

## ...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES



***The Great American Gentleman look . . .*** summed up in clothes by a great American gentleman of fashion, Bill Blass. Mr. Blass translated the urbane assurance of his own clothes into his first men's collection for PBM. Result: ready-to-wear with the snap and quality looked for in good custom tailoring. Clothes like, left, the corduroy jacket, the cloth worked diagonally for a slimming effect. Designed to be worn with or without matching tan corduroy trousers or knickers. Right, the Prince of Wales checked tweed suit impeccably shaped and cut, in navy and white, $160, worn with Blass-designed shirt in persimmon broadcloth, and pale-tan cashmere tie.







***The crushable hat.*** above right, in welted tan corduroy, multicolour Roman stripe grosgrain band. $15. Above left, ***tweed cap*** in giant check; $30. With both: the ***greatest turtleneck:*** sheer wool, eight-inch-high neck, twelve colours. $38. Right, ***good evening look:*** gold-buttoned navy double-breasted blazer, $100. Black Watch "trews." $45: emerald-green shirt, patent shoes buckled in antiqued silver. Far right, two views of ***the great coat***—meant for the rain, meant, too, to give any man the stance of a commander, a poplin version of the World War I officer's field coat, $150. All clothes available in November at Bonwit Teller, New York; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Marshall Field, Chicago; John Wanamaker, Phila.; Henry's, Wichita; Hewes & Hatcher, Detroit and Pittsburgh.







JACK ROBINSON



**Super-Royal**
**cream**

Nature's most mysterious gift to Beauty.

*Germaine Monteil*

SEPTEMBER 15, 1967

# VOGUE's eye view of PARIS

## ...this is a love letter

**Paris has never been a greater joy—these are the prettiest clothes in years. The exuberant good health of the couture and the dynamic creativity of the great designers has never shown us so much variety, amusement, and luxury and the whole sense of delight in fashion to make women of all ages, all types, as happy and sparkling as possible. The mood is tops...the city is full of sunflowers; our rooms smell of white phlox and marvellous lilies...we have baskets of orange sweet peas....And the clothes are soft and moving, charming and easy, comfortable, adorable, romantic...a hard line seems démodé. These clothes are provocative...and dreams come true.**

**SKIRTS ARE NOT LONGER... WHY SHOULD THEY BE?....But there is much variety in the hems.**

AMBER-LIMBED MANNEQUINS SKIM ACROSS THE SALONS AS FAST AS BALLERINAS CROSSING TIMES SQUARE, GLOWING WITH PRIDE AND PLEASURE IN THE CLOTHES THEY'RE WEARING....SMALL-BONED GIRLS, INFINITESIMAL CUTIE-PIES EN ROUTE TO THE MOON IN CLEAN HAPPY PERFECT CLOTHES....LITHE, NARROW GIRLS LOOKING—IN THE RADIANT NORTHERN LIGHT OF PARIS—LIQUID, DELICIOUS, AND DIVINELY BEAUTIFUL WITH GLEAMS OF SILVER HIGHLIGHTING THEIR EYES, THEIR CHEEKBONES, THEIR FOREHEADS; ON THEIR CHEEKS, A MIX OF TWO COCOA-COLOURED BLUSHERS WITH THE FAINTEST FLASH OF PINKY-RED.

**Grande couture is the life of fashion...and fashion is a part of life....Every couturier is attuned to the present; he understands completely how to make a woman of today feel dashing and beautiful. Knows how she'll feel on a starbright winter night in a great black duffel coat lined in white fox and worn over a white satin dress....Knows the gaiety and fun touched off by a little wool dress in bright, fragrant camellia pink with a child's waistline, the narrowest sleeves to the wrist, skirt swinging out—but not too far—from the body....The absolute glory of a black gazar dress coming into a room as though it were walking on stars.**

*The immediate smash and crash of cut and colouring—grass-green wool-fuzz topcoats; many raglan sleeves; many belts. Marvellous coats in cocoa taupe; in Chinese yellow mink....Racy stable-boy coats of camel's hair....Lots of cotton coats in discreet brown and olive drab often luxuriously fur-lined with snow leopard and sable.*

**THE SUBTLETY OF THE FRENCH REVEALED IN EVERY DETAIL....This year it's the caress of change that wins our hearts, not the sweep of change. Small innuendoes of fashion, the roll of felt hats, the swinging shoulder bags like pouches—matched by pouch pockets everywhere.**

Spirited and romantic at night: all the uneven hemlines—pointed, slanting, dipping, and floating, and zigzagged with feathers....The Cavalier dinner suit with black velvet britches. Call it Hamlet, call it Queen Cristina; if it's your thing, wear it....Bands of diamonds used a thousand ways on black....Bands of white mink....All the short bright crêpes—blazing yellows from zinnia to orange.

SOME WAISTS ARE HELD CLOSE, BELTED, GIVING AN ACCENT AIGU TO SMALL MIDRIFFS AND JEUNE-FILLE BOSOMS.

IT'S THE YEAR OF THE NECKBAND—DRESSES IN EVERY COLLECTION STRAPPED ACROSS THE THROAT, FASTENED AT THE SIDE LIKE A SHIRT À LA RUSSE.

**Again, white kid gloves....White kidskin caps and neckcloths worn with tweeds and tartans....The beret Basque worn tight to the side as a Basque wears it....Gilt chains clotted with rubies, swinging a velvet evening pouch fastened with a jewel that looks like a ruby....The smartest boots stopped at the start of the calf—fir-green suède, espresso, and navy.**

Paris is utterly Parisian and pure bliss....The couturier has the dream of the whole world in his mind; his supreme fitters and the great craftsmen in his workrooms have the mot juste in their fingers....And the individuality we all crave flows clear and sparkling—the couture loves to make us happy.





# PARIS

*One perfect rose from*
*BALENCIAGA*

The face in the flower, left: Balenciaga's extraordinarily beautiful cape of crumpled black gazar that wraps around the head like a huge black rose... then, at right, falls back in a great gauzy crush around the body, revealing a tiny diamanté crown... and, beneath, a narrow, perfect stem of black crêpe dinner dress. ...Quadrille is the fragrance that wafts to mind here—Balenciaga's sultry garden of flowers.
Dress and cape, to order at I. Magnin.

PENN



*PARIS*

*BALENCIAGA'S compelling*
*sense of languor in*
*diamanté black crêpe...*
*his black gazar wings*
*held by diamanté straps*

Balenciaga's narrowing black crêpe, left: stillness broken only by diamanté epaulettes, a curved slash from knee to hem. Sheer black stockings, black satin pumps... the one glimpse of skin—where black jersey gloves meet the shoulder. At I. Magnin. Balenciaga's folded wings of black gazar, right, suspended like butterflies in mid-air on diamanté straps and drawn close toward the knee. A single diamanté jewel indents the wings. To order at I. Magnin.

PENN





# *PARIS*

*BALENCIAGA: mondaine black with*
*uneven hems... bands*
*of white mink.*
*bands of brilliants*

Balenciaga's superb slants of black, banded in white mink or brilliants for smashing outline.
Always with sheer black stockings, black satin shoes.
The uneven hem in crisp black gazar, above left,
dropping back to the floor in a straight slant.
White gazar top, dipped at the back; cap sleeves.
Black sequins on black lace, above right,
entirely ravishing for a lace coat that falls like a
pointed train, edged in white mink.
The dress with long pointed back, knee-high front.
Black crêpe with diamanté bands, right opposite,
pointing up at the front, down to a fishtail hem at the
back. Under a little bolero, a strapless top edged in glitter.
Thin black wool with bands of white mink, far right,
that border the pretty cutaway jacket,
and the pointed-up neckline of the
dress that attaches to thin black straps.
At Neiman-Marcus. Black velours hat at Bergdorf
Goodman. All evening clothes, to order at I. Magnin.

PENN







# PARIS

*BALENCIAGA makes the point—*
*for after ski... for evening*

Balenciaga's pointed shirt belted over pants, left: diagonal brown-and-beige hound's-tooth checks end in a triangular shirttail—at the exact point where the beige stretch legs meet. A brown cape of inch-thick wool fuzz goes over, and to the knees. Brown felt cloche and beige boots, also by Balenciaga. To order at I. Magnin. Pointed handkerchief of black velours with a visor, pointed white mink shawl, right: Balenciaga makes the point twice on a black wool step-in coat—one sharp dip of black velours, one of white mink to the back of the waist. Hat. at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.

PENN







# PARIS

*CHANEL tweeds with fur...*
*long-jacket suit in*
*red tweed, black fox: creamy*
*tweed coat*
*drenched with sable*

Long-jacket suit, far left,
with small, high armholes—
unmistakably Chanel—in a
marvellous barred red tweed,
rimmed with black fox at the
collar, cuffs, and jacket hem.
Then, Chanel plays
one of her famous variations—
the blouse and jacket-lining
are of checked jersey,
in red, brown, mustard.
Creamy-white tweed coat, left,
luxurious border of dark-brown
sable—a shawl collar of sable,
sable facing that widens
into a deep hem. Worn over
an easy little dress of
brown pebbly satin.
On both pages: Chanel's
own jewellery; her
domed hat of black fox.

PENN

# *PARIS*

*SAINT LAURENT'S*
*tutu dress. spangled*
*and feathered...*
*CARDIN'S brilliant*
*yellow explosion of*
*baubles and beads*

Saint Laurent's fly-by-night feathers, left: the gayest little dancing dress possible—a brief sparkle of bronze sequins with a tiny cape and tutu of bright yellow ostrich plumes. Lesage embroidery. I. Magnin. Corfam shoes by Roger Vivier for Saint Laurent.
Cardin covers the night—flame-coloured beads, right, lapping over chrome crêpe from a loose banded collar to the hip, a spatter of sparks on from there. Abraham crêpe. Vermont embroidery. At Bonwit Teller. Earrings by E. Ring. Stockings, shoes by Cardin. Carita coiffures.

PENN



# *PARIS*

*LAROCHE'S Paisley*
*caftan,*
*CARDIN'S trapunto brocade...*
*worn with lightning*
*dazzle by Princess*
*Ira Fürstenberg*

Laroche's caftan, right,
holds glistening sway—Paisley
arabesques, voluminous and vertical,
surge from a horizontal yoke.
In Bianchini stiffened silk
threaded with gold. I. Magnin.
Albert Weiss earrings.
Cis necklaces.
Cardin's molten-gold robe, far right,
scallops and swirls in trapunto
relief—gleaming brocade drawn to
one side by jewelled frogs,
a long glimpse of leg beneath.
Abraham Lurex-threaded brocade.
In America at Bonwit Teller.
Stanley Hagler earrings.
Both robes, so dazzling they could
only be Paris, are worn here by
Princess Ira Fürstenberg,
a lightning-live Paris beauty and
star of *Dead Run*, third and next of
her four films all within the year.
Princess Ira's makeup and coiffures—
more magnificent than any
headdress—are by Carita.





# PARIS

*GRÈS black velvet*

*harnessed by jewels...*

*and her sidewinder*

*garden of vivid lamé*

Grès harnesses velvet to fire, left—straps of ruby-red stones blazing around the throat and arms of a long black velvet dress cut entirely on the bias. Bianchini velvet. Vermont embroidery. At Bonwit Teller. Earrings by Robert Originals. Grès sends a ravishing Persian garden of colour swirling around the body, right—peacock, yellow, magenta, scarlet, woven with threads of gold and silver. Of Bianchini lamé. At Bonwit Teller. Cis jewellery. Coiffures and makeup, both pages, by Carita. Not only the eyelid—but the entire eye—surrounded with illuminated eye shadow.



# PARIS

## *GIVENCHY'S uneven hemlines... dipping low, lifting high*

Marvellous, airy frames for legs—Givenchy's uneven hems in floaty fabrics. Left, brilliant purple gazar—stiff, silk, gauzy—the hem in deep points, up, down. Crossed at the throat, cut bias to cling at the top. Marshall Field; I. Magnin. To float with this: Givenchy's Le De perfume. Centre, purple ripples painted on cerise silk—a heavenly fabric that falls at the back like a peacock's tail, slopes up to a short little tent shape. Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Shoes by Mancini for Givenchy, at Daniela. Far right, the uneven hemline in cornflower-blue gazar—to the knee, sweeping the floor. Repeating the dipping curve, a wonderful shawl that wraps over a tiny high-waisted bodice. At I. Magnin.



PENN



PENN

# PARIS RICCI'S

*striped blankets—*
*culotte-coatdresses plus*
*easy rolled-brim hats*



Ricci warms things up for winter:
cuts a pair of dirndly culotte-coatdresses
in thick, soft, brazenly-striped blanket
cloth—belts them tight tight tight at
the waist—zips them down the back—
throws on ribbed tights, ribbed hoods,
ribbed turtlenecks—tops it all off
with felt hats like a Peruvian Indian's,
tall-crowned, roll-brimmed—radiant
heating for the whole cold world! Hats at
Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.
Both culotte-coatdresses, of Nattier
double-faced wool. Carita coiffures,
a Peruvian festival of braids.
Complexions: glowing with Opaline,
Jacqueline Cochran's new honey
for the skin, plus Honey blusher;
mouth colour primed with Honey Mum.

# *PARIS*

*COURRÈGES: a midsummer*
*day's dream for winter–*
*blue-sky plaid over sunspots...*
*white mink daisies*
*on calfskin coats*

Courrèges, who understands
flowers and fitness and joy . . .
a coat, left, of pale-blue
worsted twill, the rounded raglan
shape outlined in welt seams.
Over a white twill dress with
bright yellow circles and hem band.
White socks to the top of the
calf. Yellow canvas sandals.
Right, the blooming little coats of
green and orange calfskin, each
appliquéd in white mink flowers.
Both over the simplest white crêpe
dresses. Worn with his calf-high
white socks, soft-soled dancer's
sandals. Guibert white
kid gloves. Carita coiffures.

PENN



The biggest little coat in town, opposite: side-closed in navy melton—buttoned above the waist, with a welt seam arching up under the bosom, widening the hem and making the small bodice seem even smaller. Nattier wool. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Robert Originals earrings. Beautiful Bryans tights. Corfam shoes: Roger Vivier for Ungaro.

The longest jacket, the shortest skirt, top left—Ungaro's smashy new suit proportion in camellia-pink wool, with low curved pockets. Nattier fabric. At I. Magnin.
Corfam shoes, Roger Vivier for Ungaro. Guibert gloves.

The wide-hemmed cotton coat, top centre: taxi-cab yellow canvas frogged and tabbed in navy, over a short pleated wool dress of green-and-blue stripes; sapphire ribbed stockings flashing through long clear plastic boots. At I. Magnin. Guibert gloves. Boots by Roger Vivier for Ungaro.

Camellia-pink camellias, top right, embroidered on a delicious little pleated coatdress of thin white silk, with pink silk twill collar and insets, a curved breast pocket.
Stark fabric. At I. Magnin. Guibert gloves. Phoenix tights.

Flowers and moonshine, directly above, left: high-buttoned pink melton dressing gown over an adorable little romper of white flocked flowers. At I. Magnin.

Furry purry party coat, directly above, centre, of pink lapin; underneath, a white organdie dress with a matching fur top appliquéd in pink flowers.
At I. Magnin. Richelieu earrings. Kislav gloves. Corfam shoes: Roger Vivier for Ungaro.

Pink dress every girl has been waiting for, directly above, right: camellia wool cut absolutely narrow at the top, curving into a brief flare of skater's skirt. Nattier fabric. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Guibert gloves. Corfam shoes. Roger Vivier for Ungaro. Carita coiffures.

# *PARIS*

*UNGARO'S direct*
*approach: clean colours.*
*clean curving lines...*
*new and feminine...*
*today tuned in on tomorrow*





# *PARIS*

*The wide-hemmed coats of*
*DIOR and PATOU...*
*back vent, back pleats...*
*back action*

Dior's stable-boy coat, left, of camel wool, flawlessly shaped with a fitted top, narrow vented back that curves in, whipsnaps into perfection. With a brown felt hat, thigh-high boots. Wool by Forneris. Coat and hat at Marshall Field. Coat, also at I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Perfume for this action: Miss Dior.
Action coat from Patou, right, a super smash in olive covert twill with racy back pleats that start at the collar, dash out to the hem. At the front, giant saddlebag pockets against the midriff. Great with it: the hat, the booted legs.
Coat of Garigue fabric. At I. Magnin.
Gloves by Guibert.
Carita coiffure. And perhaps Patou's persuasive young perfume—Câline.

PENN



# *PARIS*

*GRÈS jump pants*
*in a flurry of fisher...*
*GIVENCHY'S jump shorts.*
*snow leopard pelting down*

Grès ivory wool jumpsuit, left:
straight and sharp with Dr. Denton back—
the matching three-quarter coat tossed over
is lined in fisher. Moreau wool.
Judith McCann earrings.
Ben King bracelets. Guibert gloves.
Corfam boots by Roger Vivier. Carita coiffure.
Givenchy's camel wool short jump, right,
belts down two-way pockets flapped across
and slashed at the side—beneath a snowfall
of leopard with navy patent leather sleeves.
In America at I. Magnin.
Scarf and country stockings by Givenchy.

PENN





# *PARIS*

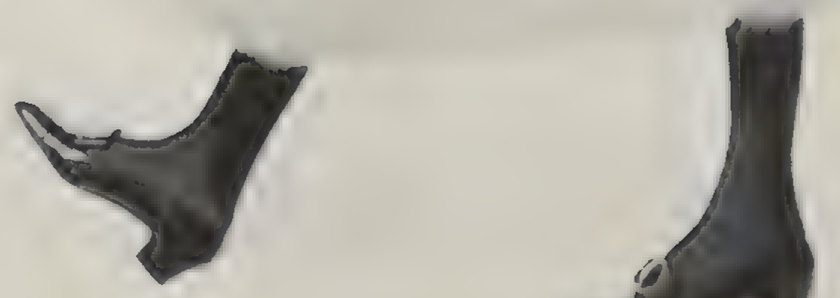
*SAINT LAURENT'S Cavalier dinner suit in black velvet... wide floppy hat brimming over ringlets... doublet, britches and hose*

Saint Laurent's black velvet Cavalier,
reckless with ringlets—the newest britches
suit in Paris, off to dinner in broad-brimmed
hat, gold-and-silver chained doublet,
lean little britches and ribbed black hose.
Léonard black velvet. Suit and hat at
Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. Hat, also at
Neiman-Marcus. Saint Laurent chained belt
and bag and knee-socks. And one romantic
flourish you can't see: his perfume, "Y."
Kislav gloves. Coiffure by Carita.

PENN







# PARIS

## *SAINT LAURENT, DIOR, RICCI, LANVIN— for evening everybody loves the romantic black coat... with fluffs of white fur or a white suède belt*

Saint Laurent, right, places bands of white mink on short black wool crêpe—like a little Russian bolero held close by three black leather frogs—with buttoned mink cuffs at the ends of the slim sleeves. Coat, of Bianchini fabric, at I. Magnin.
Hair ornament by Mimi di N.

Dior, above left, narrows the demi-long, back-belted officer's coat in heavy black wool . . . floods it with white fox . . . turns it out, sharp as a command, over black wool crêpe pants and a white satin shirt, throatbanded and tied in a stock. Coat of Forneris wool.
At I. Magnin. Guibert gloves.

Ricci, above right, holds the tiniest waist with the widest black leather belt . . . and sends the demi-long hem reeling in a cloud of white fox. Coat, of Forneris black wool.
Lina Baretti earrings. Ricci black tights.

Lanvin, left, puts a wide white suède belt just under the bosom of a demi-long coat in heavy black faille, then ruches it everywhere—high around the neck, down the side-closing, around the wide hem.
In Bucol fabric of Antron nylon and wool.
Earrings by Robert Originals.
Corfam shoes by Mancini for Lanvin. Both pages: Carita coiffures.

PENN





# *PARIS*

*CASTILLO'S black felt*
*Bonaparte hat at the back of a*
*George Sand mane...*
*his Edwardian swell's*
*dinner look– black velvet,*
*black satin frock coat*

Castillo's romantic liaison,
left: matte black, shining
black—the wide felt hat
set far back on a glorious
mane of hair; black
satin ribbon tied under the chin.
In America at Bergdorf Goodman.
Castillo's Edwardian jumpsuit,
right: diamanté black velvet worn
with a young lord's touch of
vanity—side-locks, white satin
collar and tie—beneath a satin
dinner coat. Léonard velvet and
Abraham satin. White kid gloves by
Roger Faré, at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Sheer black stockings by Maxandre.
Shoes by Mancini for Castillo.
Coiffures, both pages, by Carita.

PENN



# *PARIS*

***GRÈS: the harem pyjamas in black velvet... Turandot dress– three tiers of black faille***

At Grès, the superb evening clothes...
utterly unique, and a joy.
Black velvet harem pyjamas, left, with the deepest
neckline in Paris—giving a marvellous
length to a creamy throat; the skirt draped into
long, full pantaloons that tie at the ankle.
Of Bianchini velvet. Black-and-gold
earrings, snake bracelets, by Lina Baretti.
Tiers of black faille, right: a fabulous,
important dress worthy of a Manchu princess,
yet beautifully simple in architecture:
three tiers—each one lavishly uncounted
yards of silk—falling from a high, round
neckline. Dress of Petillault silk faille.
Jewellery by Gripoix. On both pages:
coiffures by Carita. The ambience here might
be the heady Grès perfume, Cabochard.

PENN

# *PARIS*

*BALMAIN: the uneven hemline*
*outlined in black ostrich...*
*LANVIN'S dryad—flash of white*
*feathers, flicker of green*



Balmain's uneven hemline in black organza, left, with deep zigzag points plunged in floaty black ostrich.... What might float into the room with it, unseen—a waft of Balmain's come-hithery new perfume, Miss Balmain, due here in November. Dress, of Lesage organza; at Chez Ninon. Earrings by K.J.L. Ring by Apex Art. Stockings by Bewitching. Shoes by Charles Jourdan. Coiffure by Carita. Lanvin's dryad headdress, right: white feathers clasping the sides of the head, forest-green ones quivering around the face, like delicate fronds of fern. The effect is enchanting: a wood nymph gazing out from some leafy retreat.... It's been netted, here, by Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.

PENN



# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

• • • The politicians in both parties who make political change by comparing the cost of the war in Viet Nam with aid to American city slums. . . . In London, the scarifying book *No End of a Lesson: The Story of Suez* by Anthony Nutting who has the insider's inside on the 1956 Suez crisis, a disaster for Britain and for its then Prime Minister, Anthony Eden, impelled, according to Nutting, to his conspiratorial lunacy by a hatred of Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser and of John Foster Dulles, then the United States' Secretary of State.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Bobbie Gentry, who sings, with a low-down slur on the low notes, her own ballads, especially the "Ode to Billy Joe." . . . The drawings of sets and costumes for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (now at The Museum of Modern Art in New York) by Jim Dine, whose ideas are witty, effective, new-hat, and to the point: Indicating chosen hot colours on a Red-Devil paint chart, he noted, "If you can't match it, try 'Dutch Boy.'" . . . *The Happiest Millionaire*, a new musical horror movie, based on the remarkable life of Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, a renowned Philadelphian, with Fred MacMurray playing Biddle as though he were Hoss in "Bonanza."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Salvation, the new discothèque in New York's Greenwich Village where the music splits between records, folk rock, and pop rock with the dance tank filled with hard, cool, paying dancers whose mode is rather restrained Trude Heller. . . . "I'm Going Out," an oldish song recorded now by a pretty girl, Nanette, with a tune by Bob Crewe and Gary Knight that clings like a decal. . . . The surprises and fascinations of four new paperbacks, each a year's history, taken from *Time* (the years are 1923, 1929, 1941, and 1950); this from *Time Capsule/1929*, the year of the massive Wall Street crash: sick crash gag, "hotel room clerks asked each new arrival whether he wanted a room for sleeping or jumping."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Ballet Cook Book* by Tanaquil Le Clercq who has written amusing and helpful anecdotes with recipes by most of the people—choreographers, dancers, designers—involved in the ballet world; among the oddest explanations is this account of the way her husband, George Balanchine, likes his caviar: "Take one half of an untoasted Thomas' English muffin, cover it generously with sweet butter, say about a quarter of an inch, spread a layer of excellent black caviar over the butter, at *least* one inch thick, and cover with the other half of the muffin. If you can't afford lots of caviar, better to forget the whole thing."

**MARIE COLLIER,** the soprano who has become one of the Big Ones in opera houses in Europe, South America, and the United States, fools the ear offstage. Her speaking voice is as subdued and uninflected as textbook print. Tall, black-haired, fires banked, she speaks of herself clinically: "People say I'm a good musician. I have considerable vocal stamina for long rôles." True, but misleading. What gets her audiences is her powerful, warm voice, her extraordinary skill at getting under the skin of a character and shaping it, her flash and energy—in sum, her passion. That does it. That did it for Marie Collier when in 1965 she went on for Maria Callas at London's Royal Opera in *La Tosca*. Now Tosca, which Marie Collier sang most recently in Florence and will sing this autumn in Boston and later on tour with The Opera Company of Boston, may be her most famous rôle. True, but misleading. One of the Collier strengths is her ease with contemporary music. This season at New York's Metropolitan Opera she will again play Christine in Marvin David Levy's opera *Mourning Becomes Electra*, the rôle that gave her a further lunge of fame last season. (She was photographed, *right*, in costume as Christine.) Cool, hard-working, she takes her success calmly. She has gone after it as sensibly as a student counting credits for a degree ever since she began singing in 1952 with the National Theatre Movement in Melbourne, Australia. Although she lives with her husband and four children in England, Marie Collier carries with her a tang of Australia, where she was born. Possibly, a critic has suggested, among English-speaking people the Australian intonation especially lends itself to the development of good singing voices.





PENN





# THE ARTS CRUNCH

Whatever is to be said of the cultural climate of the 1960's, one thing is already certain: across the United States there was a rain of museums—and of theatres, opera houses, and concert halls. They materialized in Fort Worth and Minneapolis and Los Angeles, these dedicated places of our time, and if instead of being called St. Peter's or Delos they are named the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion or the Vivian Beaumont Theater, they nevertheless make plain our aspirations, and in solid style.

Call them places of pilgrimage or tourist attractions, they serve the purpose of directing attention to the artistic piety of their cities. But best of all—and this has been true all down the ages—they are primarily Good Business. Not many omelettes would be sold at Mont St. Michel if the church were not there.

Consider the purposes and problems of one of the most recent of these temples—the Memorial Cultural Center in Atlanta, Georgia. Why this one? It is unique in that it quite literally will house all of the arts in one building. It is the usual practice of cities to create a diaspora of the arts: if you look at a picture in one place, you must drive five miles to hear music. Not in Atlanta. When the Center opens next year it will contain not only The High Museum and the flourishing Atlanta School of Art, but also four auditoria, which will be home to, among other things, the orchestra, the ballet, the opera, and the repertory company. And it will have one management, which means one box office, one maintenance staff, one scene dock—and one deficit. While the various divisions of the Center will be in the hands of artistic experts, management will be a businessman.

The Center is indeed a memorial, a salute to the band of Atlantans who were killed in an air crash in France while on an art tour of Europe. The Center started with a gift of six and one-half million dollars, now matched by other Atlantans. It will begin life paid for, with no woes of mortgage and interest. This Center is, ultimately, the creation of the Atlanta business community, a deliberate attempt on the part of the moneyed men to see that the city stays ahead of itself.

For Atlanta is bursting. The population has doubled in twenty-five years. What was a sylvan haunt for wood nymphs is tomorrow a shopping centre with Saks Fifth Avenue jostling Tiffany's. Riveters have drowned out the bees. Downtown, one of the most grandiose projects in the country, Peachtree Center, is steadily rising, a complex of imaginative hotels and office buildings, all to be connected by pedestrian arcades holding shops and cinemas and restaurants, running day and night.

So the Cultural Center is an act of faith on the part of the city leaders to service this boisterous outburst. A thirteen-million-dollar act of faith.

By plan, the Center overreaches itself for present audiences. It will likely be some years before it is fully appreciated. Culture on a platter is all very well; but the taste for it, like one for caviar, thrives on practice.

The arts are not equal in Atlanta. There is one long rich tradition: music; one educated taste: ballet. The graphic arts and theatre are, shall we say, up and running.

Let us examine what solid results can be achieved by education.

In 1927 a young woman named Dorothy Alexander, who had for some years been running a ballet school in an abandoned garage, persuaded the Atlanta (Continued on page 129)





BRUCE DAVIDSON

# ATLANTA'S POWERED PLAN FOR THE CARE AND FEEDING OF MUSIC, THEATRE, BALLET, ART.

## BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

More than a key city in Georgia, Atlanta keys the whole Southeast as pivot point, think bank, money drop, and motive force. The arts in Atlanta ride now on energy and prosperity. If the great American experiment in forcing grounds for the arts can work anywhere, it should in Atlanta. Photographed here and on the next two pages, movers and shapers of Atlanta's arts.

**JAY BROAD**, *far left*, who runs the new Theatre Atlanta with its handsome thrust stage and control-tower lighting booth, plans for his first full season this year a mishmash of new, old, serious, funny, abstruse, and apple-pie plays. An easy-talking, quick man, who trained in part as an Off-Broadway director in New York, Mr. Broad boosts regional theatre, will produce, among new plays, *When the Kremlin Managed the Atlanta Braves*.

**FORCES IN THE ATLANTA MEMORIAL CULTURAL CENTER**, *left*, the three men photographed here against the soaring skeleton of the thirteen-million-dollar Center, to open next year, head major units within the Center. From left to right:

Joel C. Reeves, a painter and a man of deceptively low-key humour, runs the Atlanta School of Art, one of the most imaginative and vital in the Southeast.

Christopher B. Manos, an ebullient power station for performing arts, not only talked Blanche Thebom into directing the Atlanta opera company, but talked his Municipal Theater (he is Vice President and General Manager) into becoming the Center's first paying tenant. Responsible for three play series and now the opera and ballet seasons, Mr. Manos has a confidence that would be dizzying if it weren't, regularly, justified.

Gudmund Vigtel, Director of The High Museum of Art, a tactfully stubborn man who came from Norway to Atlanta by way of the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, believes the root-strength of a museum lies in its audiences: He pumps art into Georgia children.

**ROBERT SHAW**, *above*, the exuberant, innovative orchestra and choral conductor, who this season takes over as conductor of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra, represents the half-practical, half-inspired point of view of that city: Get exceptionally able, internationally famous leaders in the arts. Turn them loose. Back them.

Mr. Shaw, who moves in scherzo and talks in a deep rapid voice, wants to be ready for his new forty-five-hundred-seat auditorium in the Center in 1968 with a forty-week music season, and, eventually, a two-hundred-man orchestra.

ADELAIDE DE MENIL





# ARTS CRUNCH

**JAMES DICKEY,** *top left,* poetry consultant to the Library of Congress, whose on-driving poems won last year a National Book Award, was born and schooled in Georgia. Georgia seeps through his work. Mr. Dickey's name and work seep through the literary boil-up encouraged by the swarm of colleges and universities clustered around Atlanta. A burly, outspoken man, who now lives in Virginia, Mr. Dickey goes after "a poetry capable of saying amazing things without raising the voice."

**VIRGINIA AND ROBERT BARNETT,** *centre left,* now power The Atlanta Civic Ballet. Mr. Barnett, the Artistic Director, who talks a breeze and works at gale force, trained in Europe and danced leading rôles in the New York City Ballet. Mrs. Barnett has come full circle. Born and raised in Atlanta, she spun back as a principal dancer. The Barnetts work with the ballet school where she first studied, as do, now, eight hundred pupils a year.

**JOHN C. PORTMAN, JUNIOR,** *below left,* designs and builds buildings as if Atlanta were a sandbox and he a child prodigy. Photographed here in the Regency Hyatt House, his astonishing hotel with a twenty-two-storey courtyard and a revolving tower that looks like a tethered UFO, Mr. Portman is responsible for Peachtree Center, a clump of skyscrapers, all related, all individual, and full of surprises. To be connected with walkways and plazas filled with major works of art, Peachtree Center both underlines and jacks up Atlanta's arts consciousness.

**ARTISTS ON THE UPKICK,** *above,* were photographed at the house of Miss Judith Alexander. A blunt, impassioned charmer from an old-Atlanta family, she has "a platinum eye" for new art, has brought outstanding New York art to Georgia. In turn, she prods Georgia artists into national recognition. Here, some of her bets for future fame with examples of their work. From left to right: Vincencia Blount; Ben Smith, whose enormous wood-block prints are already known beyond the South; Eleanor Dixon; her husband, Alan Stecker, whose "Naked Ladies" flank the doorway; Fred Attyah; Father Methodius, a Trappist who works in stained glass; Herb Creecy; and John Tweddle, whose work has jumped the art-gap to New York.



public school system that it needed her services. By disguising her real purpose under the title "Physical Fitness through Dance," she managed to get a foot—or a toe shoe—into the door of the schools. For the next twenty-five years she remained as directress of this program, creating in the process not only dancers but an audience as well.

In 1929 she formed her own dance group, the first regional ballet company in the United States. It was a struggle: She taught, she toured, she wrote, she organized, she crusaded, and most importantly she survived.

Today The Atlanta Civic Ballet is the only regional company that operates on a fully professional level. Its present repertoire is, by any standard, impressive.

There is one extraordinary story about ballet in Atlanta. In the spring of 1965 the Municipal Theater made the improbable decision to stage *Swan Lake* in its summer series. They handed the execution of the project to their General Manager, Christopher Manos, who flew to New York to talk to David Blair, the David Blair of the Royal Ballet and a master of the Petipa-Ivanov version.

To put it bluntly, Mr. Blair was not enthusiastic. Consider: He was being asked to stage this greatest, this loveliest of ballets and to use for his company a bunch of amateurs from the piny woods of Georgia. He thought not.

Mr. Blair, however, reckoned without the persuasive powers of Mr. Manos; finally, reluctantly, he agreed to come to Atlanta and at least hold auditions. So, dancers from seven Southeastern companies were rounded up, and one Saturday morning Mr. Blair watched them at work for five and one-half hours.

But the great factor Mr. Blair had reckoned without was the forty years of Dorothy Alexander. At the end of those five and one-half hours, Mr. Blair said yes.

He himself would dance the Prince; Lupe Serrano, Odette-Odile. In July he returned to Atlanta, and after four weeks of the regulation chaos that is ballet rehearsal, *Swan Lake* opened.

Aside from being a triumph, this night was historic. It was the first time *Swan Lake* had ever been given in its entirety by an American company. Reporters came from all over the country to watch, and stayed to applaud.

As for painting and sculpture in Atlanta, a long-range educational program is in the works. Collecting in the grand manner—as by the Cones and Walterses in Baltimore, for instance—is simply not a part of the Atlanta tradition. The collections of the High Museum are attractive but modest, acquired mostly by bequest. Their high point is a couple of rooms of well scrubbed, highly polished Renaissance paintings from the Samuel H. Kress Foundation.

So the director of the Museum, Gundmund Vigtel, is establishing a Children's Activities Center, to be manned by professionals. His idea is not to turn out hundreds of little artists, but to create an awareness of art in the young, to make them understand it, accept it, delight in it, even demand it; in short—and ideally—to turn out generations of connoisseurs. It is a long-range program, but it is hoped that in twenty-five or thirty years the Museum will have an increased group of knowledgeable friends, alive to its needs.

Outside the Museum, the Atlanta art world is in healthy ferment. There are lots of artists. They are mad, dedicated, and even talented. They have a tendency, however, to take in each other's washing; for Atlantans, alas, (Continued on page 180)



# PRIDE of BODY

To know in what esteem any age has held itself, you've only to know how people have felt about their bodies: With what freedom did they dress themselves—or with what rigidness. With what innocence and charm did they undress themselves—or with what prurience and coyness. With what pride and honesty did they accept the dignity and the essential grandeur of nakedness in all living things—or with what hypocrisy did they reject it. Pride of body. It shapes the mores, stamps the art, and helps form the special character by which every age is forever identified. In our own time, like a clean wind blowing, it is just such a pride that has ripped down the cobwebs of the past and thrust us wondrously into the present. Today—in the pictures we look at, in the music we dance to, in the clothes we wear—we know that we've come towards an era of the healthiest and most liberating self-awareness. In the very best sense, we enjoy our bodies—not in their tape-measured perfection, but in the naturalness with which we've become free to use them . . . we get out on a dance floor and unself-consciously turn our bodies over to sound and rhythm . . . we walk fast in our short skirts and culottes and rejoice in the length of our legs and the spring of our step . . . in the meagrest bikinis we lie in the sun, as secure in the decency and cleanliness of our skin as a child. We feel pride. And in our pride, our bodies unconsciously grow in strength and suppleness; out of the self-established freedom we live with, fitness grows and we love our lives more because of it. It has taken a century, but at long long last we've emerged from our Victorian past. Emerged with strength. Emerged with the courage to accept our bodies openly, easily. With pride and with happiness. Anything less is pretension—which is the only vulgarity, the true immodesty.

VANESSA REDGRAVE, THE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG STAR OF "CAMELOT"

VICTOR SKREBNESKI—LEE GROSS INC.

# WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT HAIR: PARIS, LONDON, ROME, NEW YORK

What's out is harsh haircuts. What's tired is the super-inflated crown. What's wonderful is hair that gathers into some sort of disciplined shape, short or long, and—at nape or temple or wherever else suits—brims with alien curls. Curls? Curls. Little watchspring curls that look as though you'd taken locks of hair, wound them up, fastened them with hairclips, sprayed them with lacquer, removed the clips and let the curls spring loose. Loose—in a shining torrent of springy curls around the face. Or in a single well-placed curl at the nape. Or in a Maypole tangle of ribbony curls piled over long, hairpiece-thickened hair. *Smooth hair combined with deliciously deranged tendrils of curl is now the look of looks.* . . . But that's not all there is to the hair news. At this moment—a moment in fashion when the new romantics are heading off the barbarians at every turn—any smart way to wear the hair seems to involve two kinds of hair, a mixture of *two kinds of hair per head.* Straight hair plus curly hair is a top combination, as stated. Long hair mixed with short is another. (Example, page 48—short, thick sideburns cut chin-length or ear-length, within the framework of long hair.) Real hair plus false hair counts as a two-kinds-of-hair-per-head combination (counts happiest when the false hair is strictly ornamental—as in the case of corkscrew curls or pigtails). So does hair that's both light and dark. (For two-colour hair-play, coup de lune is newer than coup de soleil. If your hairdresser can manage to make the streaks a shining moonsilver shade, not grey, you've got something going for you. But russet hair with gold streaks is ravishing, is to dye.) . . . Summary: *Hair that's all one thing—all one length, all one colour, all one character—is démodé.* Two things going at once is what's wanted. Any woman who wants to be the Most has this much. And the creature whose sights are set on being no less than the *most* Most could have four kinds of hair simultaneously. Smooth hair plus curly tendrils; some hair short, the rest long; dark hair streaked with light or vice versa; her own hair pieced with pieces. Can be done, as you've seen in the almost living flesh—namely, the Paris fashion pages of this issue. . . .

Carita in Paris has come along with the hair-padding to crown all hair-padding. Where lift is wanted under a fall, what she gives you is a tiny cushion that's nothing but a little mound of "invisible" hairnets bunched together. Colour to match your own hair colour of course. . . . In Rome, the head's defined, neat, at Alba & Francesca—and, at either side of the head, a single, yard-long, spiral tendril droops in a manner you could call tender-is-the-guiche. . . . Every Roman beauty who's let herself in for a demi-short haircut rues the day; is either letting her hair grow or has had it cut shorter than short; shorter than her fake eyelashes. . . . Ditto in London, where hair is shorter than Mia Farrow's, and double-permanented to shorten it further: or long in the special proportion that's a part of the whole mini-skirt syndrome. . . . In New York: curly tendrils and deflated crowns. Everyone's with it. Or in it. That's it. . . .





## *New name in eyes-land*

Does she or doesn't she
match her eyes to her hair?
And, if she doesn't,
what does she think
brows and lashes are made of?
And made for?
The brunette here
knows what to do
and what to don't.
Instructions came with the new
hair-keyed Clairol eye makeup.
More on that picture, page 80.
More on this picture, as follows.
True Brunette brush-on
(by swivel-up brush)
eyebrow makeup;
Black/Black eyeliner
and Black/Black mascara,
which Clairol feels only a
brunette should wear.
Tender Plum eye shadow,
which Clairol sees on
blond-red-&-silver heads, too.
This year's Crusader
dress—a blaze of gold
paillettes, cropped short.
By Chester Weinberg.
At Lord & Taylor,
Rich's, and I. Magnin.

PENN





# BEAUTY *bulletin*

### *New temperature in makeup*

Just when much of the cosmetic-news-making population began to focus its chemistry toward the faking of a year-round suntan. Elizabeth Arden's people went north. Pablo, makeup maestro of Elizabeth Arden, worked out a new makeup called Northern Lights, *left*, a face-frosting that suggests a smouldering interior, brushed with nippy air. Arctic Pink is beamed on cheeks. Cooling the eyes, creamy powder eye shadow, as lucent as a fjord. Northern Lights rainbow lipstick is iced by Over-Under gloss. These, and dress by Anne Fogarty, at Lord & Taylor. Jane Bolles earrings.

### *New name in facedom*

You had every reason to think we were going to talk about Kenneth's cheery sprigs of braided hair, *right*. But it's another Kenneth development we celebrate here. Cosmetics. After careful thought, and the best-advantaged observation any makeup maker could have—namely, the enthusiasms and complaints he hears on the subject of makeup amongst his clientele—Kenneth has launched a complete collection of face-makers in shops across the U. S. Right now, his liking is for the porcelain face dimensioned with pink. Pink Patent lipstick, pink lustre shader, pink Eye Graphic lid colour. Makeup: Bergdorf Goodman. Mimi di N necklace; Jack Gilbert earrings: Saks Fifth Avenue.

FENATI BERT STERN

# *MARISA MELL*

## *"FLOATS OF GILDED CHIFFON... FLOODS OF PALE FUR*

A sultry Viennese beauty with immense blue-green eyes, Marisa Mell has the quality that makes beauty project—an element of mystery, of drama; an indefinable allure. ...All destined for American audiences in two movies, *Anyone Can Play* and *Diabolik*, to be released here in 1968; even sooner, perhaps, on Broadway, in the David Merrick musical about Mata Hari—as we go to press, she is the hottest prospect for the title rôle....

*Above*, she wears a seraglio float of red chiffon, woven with golden flowers; one arm bared, one sleeved. By Richard Tam, in Bianchini silk-and-polyester chiffon. Evelyn Byrnes; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin; Liberty House, Hawaii. *Right*, a luxurious floor-length caftan of pale mink worked on the bias...the sleeves, long sweeps of pale lynx. To order at Maximilian, in "Tourmaline," Emba natural pale-beige mink, natural Russian lynx. Coiffures: Wayne of Kenneth.

ALEX S WALDECK





# AMERICAN FASHION HITS – BRIGHTENING STRIKES

Colour-colours—what's with them? The answer is they're strong.

And what else is with them? Enhancement, not competition.

Enhancement in the way of makeup. . . . The more block-buster the colour, the more subtle the makeup—that's the way skin, eyes, mouth, fingernails have to go. For this happening, Max Factor has built the Brightnings. Colours muted to monitor the appeal. At left and right, the new Brightnings —fresh but burnished makeup colours. And: Oscar de La Renta's glorious printed dresses, matching printed legs. . . .

Belted dirndl, left, legs to match: blocks of purple, green, orange, white. Ban-Lon dress, of Monsanto nylon; about $70. The coiffure, by Alan of Kenneth.

Spangled cuffs, right, spangled legs: zigzags of bright blue, pink. Ban-Lon dress, of Monsanto nylon; about $110. Rhinestone-sprinkled stocking-shoes. All from Oscar de La Renta Boutique. Clothes and Brightnings, at Best & Co.; Carson Pirie Scott. Clothes, also at Halle Bros.; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus. Stocking-shoes by David Evins for Oscar de La Renta; made to order, I. Miller. Coiffure by Kenneth. Hair ornaments by James Douglas Goodson.

PENN

Bonnie-and-black velvet, right, and Highland flings of lace —the laird's jacket down to the last silvery button, hipped on a pink-green-black tartan kilt. By Ellen Brooke for Sportswear Couture. Cotton velvet jacket, about $175; wool kilt, about $50; silk-and-rayon crêpe shirt, about $55. All, at Lord & Taylor; Halle Bros.; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Ara Gallant coiffure with Tovar-Tresses Dynel falls.

Boyish-and-black wool jersey, far right, chopped short as the young master's jacket—with black string tie, white silk satin shirting, and just a few inches of skirt. By Ben Zuckerman, in Racine jersey. At Lord & Taylor; Stanley Korshak; Harzfeld's; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Rings by Gautier and by Ruth de Sansegundo, at Henri Bendel. Old England watch. The coiffure by Alan of Kenneth.



PENN

AMERICAN FASHION HITS—
LITTLE BLACK-
JACKET
SUITS



AMERICAN FASHION HITS—
RENAISSANCE CRÊPE,
BROCADE; TARTARY
SILVER FOX



Cinquecento white crêpe, far left, that could have sat for a Bellini portrait—tucks girdled high; banded neckline. Of Bianchini silk. K.J.L. bracelets and Beautiful Bryans stockings, at Bonwit Teller. Earrings by Apex Art. Pompon evening pumps by Life Stride.

Purple-and-white brocade, above left, worked with golden threads and as rich as looms can make it—a short surcoat with a short row of buttons. In cotton-and-wool, fabric by Léonard at Verron. Dinner coat, and dress at left, by George Halley. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Sakowitz. Coiffures: Pino of Imo and Rosalba.

Hoards of silver fox, right, pelting down to demi-length and strapped with leather—just watch it go the length and breadth of the earth in shining boots. Coat by Ritter Bros., in Fromm silver fox. At Nan Duskin; Chas. A. Stevens. Fox headdress and boa, a Mongol splendour of skins, by Adolfo. Herbert Levine boots.

DAVID BAILEY



Hit suit in oatmeal wool, left: the dress-and-jacket idea in the prettiest proportion now—teeny chopped jacket with narrow high-set sleeves, round bounce of dirndl on a jersey top with a low little throatband. By Pattullo-Jo Copeland, of Anglo wool loomed in America. Beautiful Bryans tights. All: Bonwit Teller. Suit, also at Julius Garfinckel; Jacobson's, Michigan; Montaldo's; Frost Bros. Sant' Angelo bracelet, at Henri Bendel. The hat, by Mr. John. Speedy tweedy coral, right: a little brass-buttoned jacket that curves in at the waist over an easy-going dirndl-dress. Of wool and mohair (Richard Barr fabric). About $230. The Thoroughbred Collection at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros.; Frederick & Nelson. Schiaparelli watch; Bonnie Doon tights: Saks Fifth Avenue. Crescendoe-Superb by Sant' Angelo gloves. Halston hat, to order: Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures: Pino of Imo and Rosalba.

DAVID BAILEY



AMERICAN FASHION HITS— THE BIG LITTLE SUITS WITH CHOPPED JACKETS, BOUNCY DIRNDLS



# AMERICAN FASHION HITS— RUN-AROUND STRIPES

Something new—now American designers are taking a turn at Vogue Patterns, with Chester Weinberg leading off in stripes.

Run-around coatdress, left, in green-yellow-brown-and-black striped wool—small on top with narrow sleeves set in high; little bias collar; half-belt in back. Vogue Pattern 1784. Robert Originals earrings: Lord & Taylor.

Free-wheeling stripes, right; blue, navy, red, and white for a little wool dress with a high yoke, squared armholes, a wide gathered skirt that falls in two large pleats toward the front. Vogue Pattern 1783. Accessocraft ring. Belt by Calderon, at Bloomingdale's. On both pages: wool mark fabrics by Anglo, at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Hudson's. Christian Dior stockings, at Lord & Taylor. Hats by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Coiffures, by Pino of Imo and Rosalba. Other views, sizes, yardages, on page 180.

VOGUE PATTERN 1784

DAVID BAILEY



VOGUE PATTERN 1783

VOGUE PATTERNS

# CHOLES

Most medically literate lay people know about cholesterol, know that too much is dangerous, that it is involved with arteriosclerosis, the major cause of heart attacks and strokes, and that to combat high cholesterol levels a diet consisting of as much polyunsaturated fat and little saturated fat as possible is sensible. Part of this medical intelligentsia knows that two new drugs, Atromid-S and Choloxin, are now approved and on the market but are prescribed by physicians more or less on an experimental basis. When all the evidence is in, it may prove that these two drugs, different chemically, work to lower the cholesterol in the blood. The effect desired is to block the formation or get rid of plaques of cholesterol in the blood vessel walls; these plugs of cholesterol débris can slow down the circulation or even stop it. Arteriosclerosis, "hardening of the arteries," from which about 850,000 Americans died in 1965, is the Number One Killer in this country.

CHOLESTEROL IS NOT A FAT BUT AN ALCOHOL, INVISIBLE IN THE BLOOD STREAM, AND MANUFACTURED PRIMARILY IN THE LIVER, A CHOLESTEROL FACTORY. OTHER ORGANS MAKE IT, TOO. IN ADDITION, CHOLESTEROL IS PRESENT IN MANY FOODS OF ANIMAL ORIGIN.

**CHOLESTEROL, HOWEVER, HAS ITS VITAL USES. IT HELPS MAKE BILE ACIDS AND STEROID HORMONES. IT FORMS PART OF THE COVERING OF NERVES. IT TRANSPORTS PART OF THE FAT IN THE BLOOD.**

The average level of cholesterol, measured by a simple blood test, is between 240 and 250 milligrams in middle-aged American adults. A Japanese peasant or farmer, because of his different diet, is apt to have a cholesterol level considerably below 175.

***Dr. Edward H. Ahrens, junior, Professor of Medicine at Rockefeller University: "Atromid-S, one of the new drugs, should probably be tried in anyone with an elevated level of cholesterol or triglycerides. But the trial should always be done 'double-blind.' That is, a dummy capsule should also be given—and neither the doctor nor the patient should know which is which—drug or dummy—until the trial is over. We have done this dozens of times over the last three years, and the results are much easier to interpret when neither the patient nor the doctor knows when the real drug is being used. When the trial is 'unlocked,' results have been most gratifying: Almost all patients with high triglycerides show a dramatic decrease, and most high-cholesterol patients also react favourably. I would advise it in any patient with high blood fats—an adequate trial can be run in three months. The lab work is no longer difficult—the results are almost always interpretable. Such trials will guide physicians in prescribing this exciting new drug."***

## The more affluent the diet, the more cholesterol.

**It is important for the public to understand that the arteriosclerosis problem is tied up not only to cholesterol but also to another kind of fat in the blood called triglycerides. Triglycerides are the fats we eat, like butter and lard, cholesterol is a trace component of such fats—the bulk is triglyceride. When we eat fat, it is transported through the blood in more or less the same form, as triglyceride. And arteriosclerosis is just as much linked to triglycerides in the blood as to cholesterol. This is why it is important to realize that any regimen, to be successful, must lower both of these blood fats. The right diet can do it—so can the two new drugs—and together, diet plus drug, may turn out to be the most effective of all.**

# TEROL:

## THE LATEST NEWS: TWO NEW DRUGS, BETTER DIETS, ALL HELPING PREVENT ARTERIOSCLEROSIS, THE U.S. NUMBER ONE KILLER

BY ALLENE TALMEY

Dr. Seymour H. Rinzler, a well-known cardiologist and authority on diet and coronary disease, Director of the Bureau of Nutrition at New York City's Department of Health, and Chief of the Cardiac Clinic at Beth Israel Hospital, New York: "Risk factors leading to heart disease start years before the first coronary or stroke. Some of those risk factors, obesity, the serum cholesterol, and triglyceride levels, can be altered by dietary change. Thus proper diets, lower in total fat and altered in quality of fat—less saturated fatty acids and more polyunsaturated fatty acids—should begin in childhood. We know—and so does the public, I believe—that animal fats and dairy products are highest in saturated fats; vegetable oils, margarine, and fish are the lowest. The better the beef, the more fat in the muscles—the famous marbling. (Olive oil is neutral in the case of cholesterol.)"

Besides Atromid-S, a new drug that seems to work by inhibiting the rate of cholesterol production in the liver at an *early* stage by the normal metabolic pathways, there is another new drug, Choloxin, or sodium dextrothyroxine. Choloxin is a synthetic analog of natural thyroid hormone, a mirror image of it. It is believed that this drug stimulates the liver to increase the catabolism (the breakdown) and then the excretion of cholesterol. As usual, there may be side effects, and the drug must be given with the usual precautions.

**The strictest diet to lower cholesterol levels consists only of vegetables, fruit, and fish.**

*Dr. Jeremiah Stamler, Director Heart Disease Control Program, Chicago Board of Health and author of* Lectures on Preventive Cardiology: *"...a perspective is developed of a change in eating habits to be achieved in two phases—a period of gradual reduction of serum cholesterol and weight, followed by an indefinite period on a maintenance regimen...to be de-emphasized are chocolate, alcoholic and carbonated beverages, cheese, cream, ice cream, whipped cream, sour cream, eggs, 'rich' foods."...*

**"A HEALTHY AMERICAN CHILD HAS A HIGHER CHOLESTEROL LEVEL THAN A MIDDLE-AGED JAPANESE PEASANT, AND THE CHILD HAS, THEREFORE, THE RISK OF FUTURE ARTERIOSCLEROSIS IN MIDDLE AGE."**
**DR. RINZLER.**

Although the magnitude of the problem among men has tended to obscure its importance among women, coronary heart disease causes about sixty per cent more deaths in women than cancer.

**SAID A SAN FRANCISCO PHYSICIAN: "THE TWO NEW DRUGS ARE LIKE A DETERGENT FLOWING THROUGH THE BLOOD VESSELS."**



Bold, belted plaid coat, right, in bright-red, purple, grassy-green... double-breasted, buttoned in gilt over a long-sleeved wool gabardine dress in the same bright green. By Adele Simpson; coat of Meyer Woolens wool chinchilla cloth. At Lord & Taylor; L. S. Ayres; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Hat by Halston, to order at Bergdorf Goodman. Crescendoe-Superb gloves by Sant' Angelo. Stockings by Phoenix. Green vinyl boots by Herbert Levine. Coiffure: Alan of Kenneth.

Bi-coloured fleece coat, far right—horizontal bands of cyclamen-pink, purple, in a circular sweep; circular sleeves to the elbow, a fling of scarf at the neck. Underneath, a sleeveless pink jersey dress, purple-banded hem. By Trigère; a wool mark costume of Garigue wool. Sant' Angelo jewellery. All at Bergdorf Goodman. Costume, also at Hutzler's; Bramson; J.W. Robinson. Glentex scarf tying the hair. Evins boots. Coiffure by Kenneth.

PENN

AMERICAN FASHION HITS—
THE COATS OF
MANY
COLOURS



Unregimented plaids, left: blanket-plaid coat with strapped sleeves, silvery buttons, swung over an unmatching striped-plaid wool crêpe dress—both in reds, browns. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner; coat of Royal Woolens wool chinchilla cloth. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Gidding-Jenny; L.S. Ayres; Dayton's. Albert Weiss bracelets. Mr. John red felt cloche, chain band. Red pantie stockings by Phoenix. Golo red patent leather boots. Deerstalker's cape, right, in deep hunter-green wool—brass-buttoned, double-breasted, with a high tabbed collar, a marvellous Hapsburg dash....Underneath is a straight hunter-green wool dress to match. A wool mark turnout by Originala, in Anglo fabric. Old England wristwatch. All at Bonwit Teller. Turnout, also at Rich's; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; and I. Magnin. Sant' Angelo rings. Polka-dotted bright-yellow tights by Prestige. The coiffures on both pages are by Kenneth.



AMERICAN
FASHION HITS—
THE PLAID
COAT,
MAYERLING
CAPE

PENN

# THE NIFTY AMERI



# CANS

## GREAT LITTLE COATS— READY FOR WINTER. READY FOR YOU, READY RIGHT NOW

Henry Friedricks for Brittany. Name to note. He's shaped up two of the niftiest little coats in town—in navy blue with flashes of gilt and in bright beautiful brown. Both ready for the wearing right now, in stores all across the country. Nifty navy, left: a small-bodiced, big-skirted coat of navy wool chinchilla cloth, with a large Regency collar, gilt buttons, gilt-buckled belt—great good looks this year. About $145. A wool mark coat of Anglo wool. Echo scarf. Schaffer belt. Viola Weinberger gloves. Brave young brown, right: new fitted smallcoat in town—curving in at the waist, widening at the hem, with a little stand-up collar and side fly closing. A wool mark coat of Anglo wool melton cloth. About $145. Kislav gloves. Both pages: bright felt hats by Halston. Coiffures by Wayne of Kenneth. Both coats are at the stores listed on page 180.





GREAT LITTLE DINNER DRESSES—BLACK CRÊPE HELD AT THE WAIST, WHITE SILK BANDED IN BRILLIANTS. READY . . . SET . . . GO . . . GET

Here it is—right now—in black and white: the dress that goes to dinner, goes on all night. Bravo, Teal Traina, a glittering success. . . . Chained black crêpe, left, and V's of bare skin—a dress that wins raves from the bare bodice to the wide swing of hem. A wool mark dress of Lafitte wool crêpe. About $125. (Its own wide black satin belt not shown.) Jewelled hoop earrings by Charles Elkaim. Jewelled chain belt by House of Joy. Stockings by Archer. Dazzled white silk serge, right: a throatband and more bands of moonstruck rhinestones shine on a small tailored dress with tiny high armholes—and a big future. Of Claude Loewenstein silk. About $275. Jewelled cuffs by Robert Originals. Danskin tights. Coiffures: Wayne of Kenneth. Both dresses at stores on page 180.



# AUSTRALIA
# COUNTRY OF CHAMPS

A FOURTEEN-PAGE LOOK AT THE BRAINS AND BRAWN "DOWN UNDER"



*CHAMPION CULTURED PEARLS, the world's largest, often nineteen millimetres—white, rose-pink, dove-grey, and golden—breed in record time of twenty months in enormous eight-inch oyster shells. Half-pearls, which take only nine months, are shown here still attached to their iridescent shells on the magnificent beach where the sea seems to reach towards infinity—at Darwin, where pearl farms string the wild top rim of Australia.*

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

*CHAMPION SKIPPER, JOCK STURROCK, the masterly, powerful helmsman of the racing yacht "Dame Pattie," the Australian contender for the America's Cup at Newport, Rhode Island; the races are planned to begin September 12.*

# AUSTRALIA

***CHAMPION SURFER***

***NAT YOUNG, twenty-one-year-old six-footer who rarely gets his suit wet, turns his back on the wave which he plays like a bull, became world champion in 1966 and Australian champion April, 1967. Surf-watching dress: three tiers of white crêpe—cool, ripply, sleeveless. By John J. Hilton for Group One, of Courtauld's Estacel acetate crêpe; Bruck Mills of Australia fab-***

***CHAMPION OPERA HOUSE, the unfinished half-shell, glistening architectural curiosity at Sydney harbour, is shaped in shell forms, rather like the biggest orange in the world, cut in half and then in quarters.***



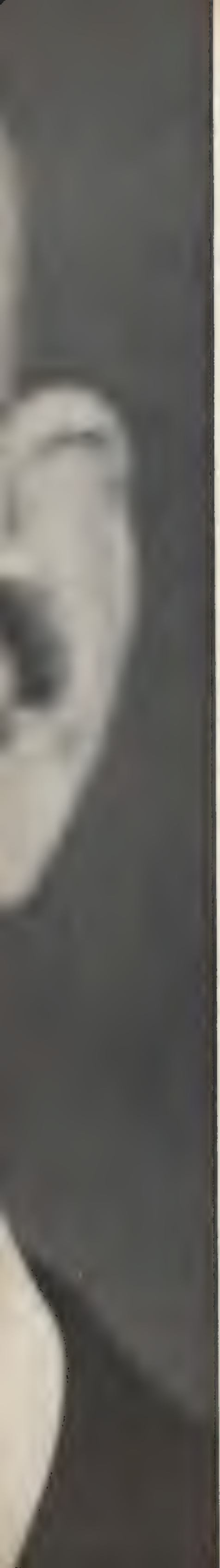
## AUSTRALIA

*CHAMPION FISH-SPEARER, VALERIE TAYLOR, a small, feminine diver who wears eye makeup behind her mask—here shown spearing an eight-foot, man-eating whaler shark.* Note: *In her work, Miss Taylor wears a blue riband in her blond hair, fake eyelashes, and an orange wet suit.*

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY







# COUNTRY OF CHAMPS

## BY GEORGE JOHNSTON

Australia is a Happening. Right now.

It is now all so *new* again. Less than a generation ago the long and arduous first phase ended. The new beginning, the *real* beginning, has only begun. Already Australia is more than promises; already it is a Happening. Australia moves with the stride and the spring of a continent's first great leaping-time.

A funny thing happened on my way to the typewriter. I found some preliminary notes jotted down for this article which read: "Time of growth. New things to be discovered. Movement forward. Vigour. Vitality. Boundless future promise. Dreams yet to be fulfilled. Excitements of learning and mastering. Many challenges still to be met, but no limit on aspirations. Eager readiness for new and exciting tomorrows."

I had been trying to define Australia today, to analyze the prevalent sense of *imminence.* But what I had jotted down, I realized, was an approximate definition of youth. Of youth in its leaping-time, the way the poet Francis Thompson meant it in his "An Anthem of Earth." The present, expansive with the exhilarating fullness of just being; the future, a hopeful waiting immensity; the past, no more than the quieting quiver of the springboard from which we have already taken off.

There are a good many Australians, I think, who do not fully realize that a young Australia is about to burst old images apart. This poised moment makes the country not altogether easy to define. It is inclined to slip away beneath your fingers as you try to feel its textures, changes under your very eyes as you strive to analyze it.

To a greater degree than in many other countries, conformist patterns are still set. Authorities are imposed by an older generation still enmeshed in the images of struggle and conflict in a harsh, uncompromising environment. Yet well over half the population of Australia is younger than thirty. Except that they are the fruit of it, they do not belong, really, to the past time of stubborn struggle forward. A vast prosperity has intervened. They have never known the bad times, only known affluence and full employment and a kind of dolce vita under the biggest and bluest sky. For them it is more important to feel well and to do well than to look back in anger. They are a new generation developing new attitudes toward almost everything.

There has been a kind of snipping off, and there are two Australias now. It is rather as if a fin de siècle got jolted out of time and happened in mid-century instead of at the end: This, I think, is that tangy smell of imminence, elusive yet so real a quality in the atmosphere. It is an essence of hope, always a part of youth's audacity. A fin de siècle always marks a time of new hope.

It is astonishing that we continue to produce so many "firsts." Not only astonishing, but hugely disproportionate. Australia is, in fact, a country with a curious capacity for cre- (Continued on next page)

*SIR JOHN ECCLES,* left, *a 1963 Nobel Prize winner for Physiology and Medicine, is a tall, handsome, deeply human man of science, an author, philosopher, lecturer, reaper of fellowships, professorships, honorary degrees, and former President of the Australian Academy of Science. He is famous for spectacular breakthroughs in synaptic transmission and neurophysiology. Among his books,* The Physiology of Synapses *has been translated into German, Japanese, Polish, and Russian. "I came to America to avoid retirement," said Sir John who has a rocky profile and responsive blue eyes. Before joining Chicago's Institute for Biomedical Research, he had been Professor of Physiology at the Australian National University in Canberra. Of his nine children, two are scientists. Spirited and persuasive, a vibrant talker ("histrionics are the essence of a good lecture"), Sir John has a soft, surprised voice, an edge of Australian accent. "Each age has to be interested in the next age which is being born. The next century. I want to think about that. Complacency is death. People," he said, "have a positive creative spin-off." This month at a conference at an English country house, Sir John will join fifteen other great minds, "all dissatisfied with the present explanation of existence."*

BRUCE DAVIDSON



*CHAMPION DISTANCE RUNNER, RON CLARKE,* left, *record breaker who has held every world running championship from three miles to ten, runs for fun. Tall, darkly dashing, a financial expert from Melbourne, Ron Clarke said: "I train every day. Three miles at 6:30* A.M., *fifteen after work." With a half-dozen world records and a half-dozen Australian firms to represent, Ron Clarke spans continents working, working-out, winning. "The main thing in athletics," he said, "is relaxation."*

# ALL CHAMPS *continued*

ating champions. This is not really new, of course. When, after millennia of forgetfulness, the Olympic Games were revived in Athens in 1896, the Australians won two events in the track-and-field events when Australia was a land of less than four million people. To most of the world Australia was a kind of infinitely remote terra incognita of kangaroos and boomeranging blackfellows.

Once, in my own time of youth, we had young aviators who, surprisingly for a country so isolated from developing mainstreams and presumably so laggard at that time in technological experience, set off, out of sheer audacity and a sense of adventure, to conquer the air and, with the single exception of the North Atlantic, were the first to fly across all the great oceans of the world. Now—and here again is the same surprising, improbable audacity—Australia became a great pioneer in one of the youngest of the new sciences with its radio astronomers who discovered the fifth quasar. (California Institute of Technology and Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatory discovered the first quasar.)

In addition, Australia has three Nobel Prize winners. It has invented great wheat-harvesting combines and certain mechanical ploughs for land clearance. Australia also developed the great river-changing concept of the Snowy Mountains hydroelectric project and, just for pure fun, the hula hoop and Rolf Harris's wobble board.

When it comes to sport, of course, disproportion becomes almost excessive. But then this is within the daily province of the outdoor, hard-playing, zestful Australian, sucked in with the very air he breathes. (Or *she* breathes; one must take care to avoid that Australian propensity for defining everything in purely masculine terms—a throwback to the pioneering colonial times, when men outnumbered women two or three times, but when the masculine zest for contest between one another, as a way of proving what could never be proved against the grim intractable land, gave rise to that mastery of sporting prowess and aptitude for martial conflict, which have become two of the outstanding aspects of Australian character.)

It is difficult—it might even be impossible—to find a time during the last sixty years or so when Australians were not the world champions in some sport or another, often in several. A New York sports writer once summed this up lugubriously by describing Australia as "a land surrounded entirely by water and inundated by athletes."

When in 1902 Australia's Dick Cavill took the "Australian crawl" to Europe and the United States, he revolutionized international swimming. Three years later Australia's Barney Kieran used the crawl to establish four new world records, from two hundred yards to one mile. When amateur gold-medallist sculler Bobby Pearce turned professional, he won the world title by a clear three hundred yards, and in long years he was never again beaten. On a track sabbatical to Europe only last year Australia's distance runner Ron Clarke rolled up twelve new world records out of sixteen races.

So it goes on. Champions of track and field, of Olympic pool, of green and fairway. (Continued on page 176)

*Charging down the Rugby field, two dashing titans—REG GASNIER,* left, *and JOHN RAPER; both men on the premier St. George team, and on the Kangaroo team (the champs' champs) who compete overseas for the Ashes Trophy, were winners in 1963 and 1966. Carrying the ball, a wide-ribbed camel wool sweater, Tattersall hip pants of ivory and camel wool. Sweater by Crestknit; about $20. Pants by Aywon, of Federal Mills fabric; about $25. Belt by Saint Laurent for Colony; at Altman's. I. Miller boots. Clothes at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joske's, Houston; Joseph Magnin. All the ready-to-wear clothes on the pages photographed in Australia are from Australian manufacturers.*



ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



*Sailing whites, on the "Dame Pattie" with skipper Star- rett . . . teal dress with notched neck, matching shorts. Both by Trent, of Jamaica; refuses (Mexican raffia); about $30. Scarf at the neck by Tobe, at Dennis's. Polished-fur leather boots. Col-*

# AUSTRALIA – THE FASHION CHAMPS

*Oats – the colour of a knitted wool turnout with short brass-buttoned jacket, wide straight pants, turtleneck top. The Champ – Nellcote, the all-time widow-maker, a multi-pocketed, pleated-pant horse-hunting Tweed South of Sydney who has answered [illegible] eighty winners a year for twenty years. Coat shown by Morris [illegible]*

*At White City, lawn tennis headquarters in New South Wales, Harry Hopman, trainer of Davis Cup teams – tests a tennis arm wearing a heather-green sweater over a skirt of matching green checks. Lamb's-wool sweater, about $18; wool skirt, about $30 (Morris fabric), both by Sportscraft. Belt by Jean Casanave, knee socks by Bonnie Doon, both at Altman's. Golo shoes. Kenneth wig. Clothes, both pages, at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joske's, Houston; Joseph Magnin,*

*Kangaroo fur—velvety, tailorable, here in three champ ways... With Merino rams like statues, wearing great manes of softest wool—a side-buttoned mini-skirt of natural red sheared kangaroo, a chained green nylon turtleneck. Skirt by Cornelius Furs; about $100. Turtleneck by Danskin, about $8; Calderon chain; both at Altman's. Knee-high thong sandals by El Greco.*

## AUSTRALIA - THE FASHION CHAMPS

*... Kangaroo coat, sheared, in red-fox-red, with a flat collar, fur buttons, leather belt.... In a flat paddock of tumbleweed, about four hundred sheep for a backdrop. Coat by Cornelius Furs; about $350. Calderon belt: Altman's. Golo boots.*



*At Haddon Rig (all three backgrounds here), the breeding ranch of champion Merino rams—arrogant, curly-horned, each carrying about 35-sweaters'-worth of wool—a little shift of natural red sheared kangaroo with slit sides, leash belt. Kangaroo boots. Shift, about $175. Sbicca boots, about $150. Both by Cornelius Furs. Ivory lamb's-wool sweater by Crestknit; about $20. Calderon belt, at Altman's. Archer-Nuweave tights: Henri Bendel. Clothes, both pages, at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joske's, Houston; Joseph Magnin. All Australia coiffures: Alexander of Sydney.*

# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS



# Oh, it was just an ordinary afternoon. . . .

The great girls were out sleuthing. . . . Of course each is her own man when it comes to a look, so when seven of the greats greeted—left to right—

**Shelley Smith** was bundled from tip to toe in purple knit-cap, turtleneck dress, tights, from the T. Jones boutique, 15 W. 57th Street.

**Jane Holzer** had the Indian thing, suède fringed mini, beadwork jewellery. By Betsey Johnson. Paraphernalia, 795 Madison Ave.

**Susan Burden** was feeling Russian-romantic-intellectual, bloused in Cossack-red wool, by Deanna Littell. Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St.

**Sandie Eller** looked absolutely super ravishing in a white wool twill jumpsuit she designed for Allen & Cole, 150 E. 54th St.

**Ann Cosyns** was missed by the camera. Hélas! She had on a midi-length brown suède skirt. Country Club Fashions Inc., Los Angeles.

**Heidi Weidek** was wrapped, Japanese-y, in a cropped kimono coat—black and white, black tights. Etcetera, 136 E. 57th St.

**Gunnel Bloomberg** was zipping along, as rapier sleek as "Grand Prix" in a blue, red-striped, clingy mini. Etcetera, 136 E. 57th St.

COIFFURES: MAURY OF KENNETH SALON



JACK ROBINSON

More on next page

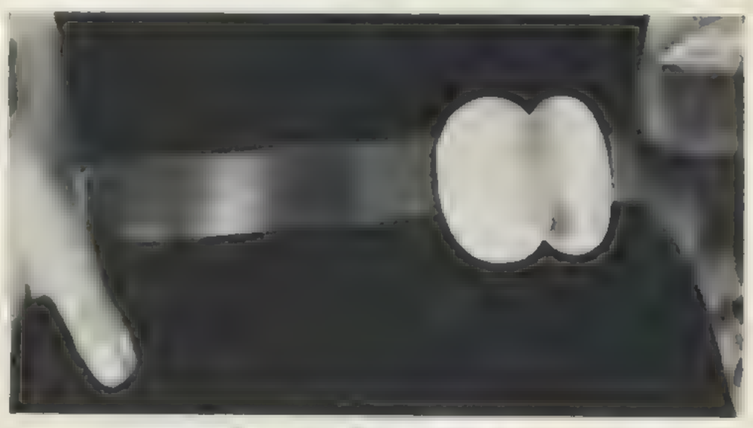
# VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*



***And the great girls know that it's what you add around the edges*** that makes a whole look cook. . . . That a frog—if he's made of ebony and is covered with diamond bumps—can add something somewhere. This one (above), by Erwin Pearl for Veneto 57, 6 West 57th St. . . . That stockings (above, near right), with the texture of gossamer tweed, the colours of oatmeal, can put three more dimensions up a good leg. $1.25; Henri Bendel, 10 W. 57th St. . . . That a good clunk of I-mean-business metal links strapped with a switch of mocha leather (above, top right), can give what-for to any little black rag. $20 at Gavroche, 827 Madison Ave. . . . And a handbag like a rolled pillow of russet leather clamped with chrome (far right), can casual up a black wraith of a coat, a so-so skirt. $38 at Gavroche, 827 Madison Ave. . . . And what every waist needs right now is a good belt—like this (near right): brown leather fastened with clenched chrome discs. $20; Gavroche, 827 Madison Avenue. . . .





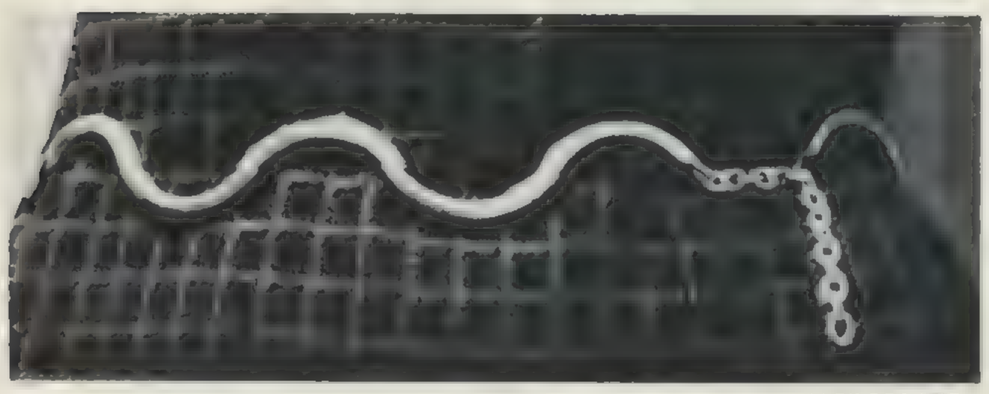






***And that wearing Indian is the right edge to add*** to anything. . . . Ann Cosyns (far left) throws a tasselled wooden lariat over real McCoy from Indian-land beads. About $30, from The Electric Circus's boutique, 23 St. Mark's Place. . . . And that a chain is nice on a neat chamois suède glove (left, above). $16; I. Miller Galleria, 450 Fifth Ave. . . . And a snaky coil of polished chrome and "gold" can really clasp a waist (left, below). $24 at Splendiferous, 16 East 56th St. . . . And "gold" is great for waists, too (below)—a tasselled rope of it, $8. Or a string of rings, $25. Both from I. Miller Galleria boutique at 450 Fifth Ave. . . .





JACK ROBINSON

# Mrs. Stoddard's notes are grey, bordered in red and white. Would you like that, or something else?

Name, or discover, your fancy. We've created lovely tints and lively borders—we brush the latter on for you, by hand. We make a subtle ecruwhite, and a pure white, which you may have bordered or plain.

Crane notes inspire you to keep correspondence flowing. We craft them for uncommon luxury, by starting with 100% rag fibers. We add our watermark as a point of pride. Ours and yours.

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Crane's
FINE PAPERS

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Send 25¢ for a generous sample.

vitabath

Vitabath, Inc., 425 Park Avenue, N. Y.
A subsidiary of D. Kaltman & Co.

## *All Champs*

(Continued from page 167)

Champions of Davis Cup and Centre Court at Wimbledon, of international auto circuits, of dirt track, of cricket field and billiards room. Champions of the pounding oceanic surf—of the humane practices, too, in Australia's marvellous voluntary network of surf lifesaving; champions of the blue-green translucent scuba depths. Champions of the ellipsoid football and the ringing woodsman's axe. Masters over the sub-four-minute mile, the leap, the run, the stroke, the kick, the plunge, the split-second grasp at triumphant achievement. To do a thing better than anyone else has ever done it: This is a primary urge and drive of the Australian young. In the open air and broad spaces of a climatically blessed continent, this urge is a potent force in the making of champions.

Sport, of course, is the territory of the young. It satisfies that ineradicable inner human need for conflict. Here, in a continent undivided into rivalled nationalisms, a land as yet innocent of war, of civil disorder, that need is transferred into sporting competition; into the contention of the waves around thousands of miles of scalloped, sun-drenched surf beaches, into a kind of gentle antipodean paganism.

Looking back on my own youth, forced through the grinding of the Depression and World War II, I find it easy to see clearly the remarkable change that began in the mid-fifties; the sharp rift through the pattern that sealed a previous Australia into the solidified amber of completed history and began something entirely new and without colonial precedent. For most young Australians, this has become, I suppose, an easy country. What one writer has called "the lucky country." But it is not a freewheeling country. The young like to play hard—I think here they have always liked to play hard—but they work hard, too, for the right to play. It is rare indeed to find here the angst of Europe, the dark tides of crowded ghettos, the young despair, or the world-owes-me-a-living recalcitrance of the older crowded places. Out here, there is a jaunty optimism. Promise seems infinite, and the outlines of still unpredictable and possibly illimitable futures are being pinpricked over three million square miles, waiting to be filled in by this new generation. A young generation with zest and living appetites. A land where there are still frontiers and much work yet to be done.

It is neither Utopia nor Paradise. There is indolence as well as energy; still too much dependence, especially in the arts, on the derived and the imitative and on the swift creative currents that flow from the older, far-removed societies, and not enough originality and the fire of new indigenous discoveries. There is the still unresolved national schizophrenia which divides the generations, the paradox of overcrowded cities and immense unpeopled spaces. But revolutionary change, a quiet and bloodless anarchy, is forcing itself upward out of the ranks of the young, the straight-growing, springy-walking, confident young.

No Australian would be ready yet to quote the poet Yeats' "That is no country for old men"—for Australia is one of those fortunate lands that is kindly to the old as well as to the young—but the accent now has moved to the young in their green and springy years. The emphasis is on youth, and youth is a Happening.

Youth still goes away from Australia to test its mettle in the older, tougher arenas of the Northern Hemisphere, for the Australian young have always been most responsive to the lure of the far adventure—to the distant clarion of foreign wars whether on Gallipoli's cliffs or in Libyan sands; to the challenge of learning in the dreaming spires of Oxford or of art in an Earls Court bed-sitter rigged up as a studio. Young ballerinas dance at Baalbek and at Covent Garden. A chit of a girl designs her own clothes in Melbourne and models them in Tokyo. Young explorers in a new world of science journey back through a thousand million light-years of time to chart a long-dead universe. A towheaded young "surfy" in a wet suit pits his board and his skill against the thunderous might and grandeur of the Hawaiian surf.

There has always been challenge here, and a special kind of audacity in accepting it, ever since we began. The great challenge now is here within Australia. There are so many new things to be done that will have to be done in new ways. We have acquitted ourselves pretty well in the hundred and seventy-nine years since the first salt-encrusted convict ships sailed in to a land "unkempt, uncanny, and unknown."

EDITOR'S NOTE: A distinguished Australian writer with burning blue eyes and craggily gaunt features, George Johnston is the author of *The Australians*, the most recent of his twenty-six books, three of which were written with his wife, the novelist Charmian Clift. On the door of their tall white house near Sydney is a sea-blue knocker, a Gorgon head, brought back from the island of Hydra where for years the Johnstons and their three children lived in a Greek house built the same year Australia was founded: 1788.

# *Luggage: three great travellers*



The train case in red vinyl, with an inside mirror and lots of room for standing cosmetics and storing all overnight musts, plus a few extras like Tam, the Peke. By Amelia Earhart. About $19. At Macy's.



KAZ

The steamer trunk: *foreground*, a pared-down dark-blue 29-inch version of the trunk our grandmothers took with them everywhere, with red stripes down the centre, hardware corners and nailhead studding . . . just in back—looking smaller, actually larger—the 31-inch version striped in nailheads. Seward Luggage. 29″ about $20. At Macy's. 31″ about $24. At Altman's.




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# *Lingerie: mini-black for evening*



TAD WAKAMATSU

Scalloped black lace, *above*, to wear under evening minis, over pantie stockings—a narrow hip-riding mini-pantie of lace and Caprolan nylon tricot, legs edged in scalloped black nylon satin. John Kloss for Cira. About $10. Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus.

Little-boy shorts, *right*, in black satin de Lys, elasticized at the waist, snug to the leg. By Matej Sherko for Character. Satin de Lys of Monsanto Blue C nylon, Dacron, and silk; Registered fabric. About $18. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

Coiffures by Pino of Imo & Rosalba.



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# *Champ fashion—the bush-jacket pants suit*



DE ROSNAY

From Australia, to wear anywhere in the world: a terrific brass-buttoned bush jacket and short wide-legged pants. The flap-pocketed jacket is belted in leather and worn over a tan turtle-neck pullover. Legs are strapped by long-thong gladiator sandals. Suit by Dominex. Of khaki wool twill (Wenzel fabric). About $100. Sweater by Monici of Parma. Both at Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Joske's, Houston; Joseph Magnin. Sandals by El Greco. Coiffure by Alexander of Sydney. Background: Cattle enclosures at Mount Surprise Ranch, Queensland, Australia.




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*For nearest store write* Marja BRASSIERES • JACKSONVILLE, TEXAS

## *The Arts Crunch*

(Continued from page 129)

are not in the habit of buying pictures.

There is, fortunately, a strong movement on foot to combat this tendency. One of its ring leaders is Miss Judith Alexander, a young woman of vast erudition, who is a crusader, an entrepreneuse, a no-holds-barred fighter for the cause. And there are some valiant galleries—The Briggs and Heath's among them—where you can find all kinds of works from Europe and New York. Heath's represents, with all the artillery at its command, two of Atlanta's most sophisticated artists, Jim McClean and Edward Ross.

McClean is an urbane printmaker, who achieves surprising effects by cutting at the centre of his prints, folding back the cuts, then showing another print beneath, sometimes to a depth of three or four. Ross is a painter and sculptor who has recently completed a series of box-like structures made of Plexiglas and brushed metal which are filled with inventions in paper. They are eerie, possibly sinister, and of enormous elegance. There is one I would like to live in. Both these men, of course, must teach in order to survive.

Another outpost in the wars has been the Mandorla Gallery, a rambling old Atlanta house with paintings and sculpture upstairs and a mildly psychedelic coffee house in the basement. Everything about the place seemed young and international. There isn't such a thing as regional art anymore, is there? The objects labelled art seem to spring up all at once in Bonn or Tokyo or Chicago. You need a zip code to tell where you are. So at the Mandorla you might be in Rome or New York's East Village. And, as usual, some of the objects are wonderful, some look like accidents, some look like *terrible* accidents.

I spent a couple of hours one morning with a lone guerrilla fighter, Herb Creecy. Herb paints, he does not teach, he has no truck whatsoever with commerce; he paints. As we sat talking, surrounded by his huge canvases—screams of colour—I learned that he had made fourteen hundred dollars last year, and had lived entirely on Vienna sausages. I am pleased to report that he is, this maquis, both healthy and happy.

It seems likely, with all the sniping that is going on, that more pictures will be sold next year than were last.

The plan for the theatre in the Cultural Center is nothing if not ambitious. It will be run by the Municipal Theater, which is already a considerable organization, producing, as it does, a series of plays in the winter, as well as the Theater under the Stars, one of those wowsers of a summer program which shows everything from Robert Goulet to *Aïda* and makes pots of money. It proposes now to have a season at the Center, mounting eight plays with a fully professional company. It will also assume management of the ballet and opera companies, each of which will give forty nights of performances.

There is interest in the theatre in Atlanta, for the city is ringed with universities, many of which have schools of acting, playwriting, and production. There are a couple of dinner theatres and children's players. And there is Theatre Atlanta, a repertory company housed in a stylish new house.

But audiences everywhere are strange and unpredictable. Theatre Atlanta presented an admirable list of plays last year, but the one that sold out at every performance was *Tobacco Road*.

As for music: No need for education there.

Music is Atlanta's *thing*. It has not had to be imported, or stimulated, or fought for, it has always been the mainstay of the city's culture. Pinch an Atlantan and you are pretty sure to have pinched a musician.

There are guilds and clubs and societies for music. There are chamber orchestras and

(Continued on page 182)

## *The Nifty Americans*

Following is a list of stores across the country where the Henry Friedricks for Brittany coats on pages 154-155 may be found.

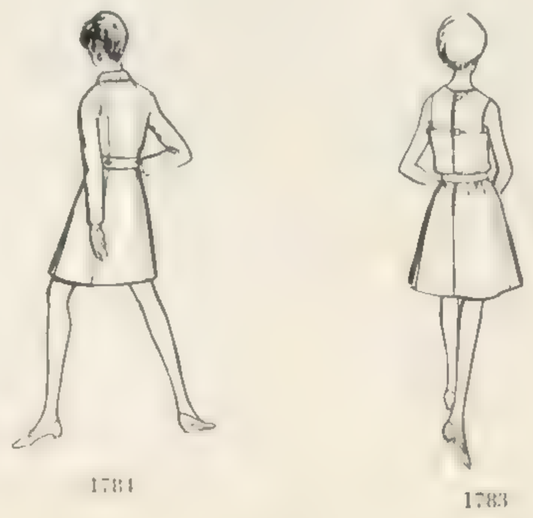
| | |
|---|---|
| New York, N. Y. | Lord & Taylor |
| Atlanta, Ga. | Davison's |
| Boston, Mass. | Filene's |
| California | Joseph Magnin |
| Cleveland, Ohio | Hathaway Shaker Square |
| Columbus, Ohio | Lazarus |
| Denver, Col. | Denver Dry Goods |
| Detroit, Mich. | J. L. Hudson |
| Hartford, Conn. | G. Fox |
| Houston, Tex. | Foley's |
| Little Rock, Ark. | M. M. Cohn |
| Milwaukee, Wis. | Gimbels-Schusters |
| Nevada | Joseph Magnin |
| Philadelphia, Pa. | The Blum Store |
| Pittsburgh, Pa. | Kaufmann's |
| Portland, Ore. | Meier & Frank |
| Richmond, Va. | Thalhimers |
| Rochester, N. Y. | Sibley, Lindsay & Curr |
| Seattle, Wash. | Best's Apparel |
| St. Louis, Mo. | Famous-Barr |
| Towson, Md. | The Clothes Line |
| Washington, D. C. | Julius Garfinckel |
| Wilmington, Del. | Purple Door |

Following is a list of stores across the country where the Teal Traina dresses on pages 156-157 may be found.

| | |
|---|---|
| New York, N. Y. | Lord & Taylor |
| Atlanta, Ga. | J. P. Allen |
| Atlantic City, N. J. | The Needle Craft |
| Beverly Hills, Calif. | Amelia Gray |
| Boston, Mass. | Filene's |
| Chicago, Ill. | Stanley Korshak |
| Cincinnati, Ohio | Gidding-Jenny |
| Cleveland, Ohio | Halle Bros. |
| Columbus, Ohio | The Union |
| Denver, Col. | Neusteters |
| Detroit, Mich. | Himelhoch's |
| Honolulu, Hawaii | Carol & Mary |
| Houston, Texas | Sakowitz |
| Indianapolis, Ind. | L. S. Ayres |
| Miami, Fla. | Burdine's |
| Milwaukee, Wis. | Hixon's |
| New Orleans, La. | Godchaux's |
| Oklahoma City, Okla. | Balliet's |
| Philadelphia, Pa. | Nan Duskin |
| Pittsburgh, Pa. | Joseph Horne |
| Richmond, Va. | Miller & Rhoads |
| San Antonio, Texas | Frost Bros. |
| San Francisco, Calif. | Joseph Magnin |
| Seattle, Wash. | Best's Apparel |
| Shreveport, La. | Selber Bros. |
| St. Louis, Mo. | Stix, Baer & Fuller |
| Washington, D. C. | Woodward & Lothrop |

## *Vogue Patterns*

(Continued from pages 146-147; other views, yardages, details)



1784 1783

*Above left:* Striped step-in coatdress with optional detachable contrast collar. Vogue Pattern 1784. 10-18. Size 14 requires 2¾ yds. of 54" fabric with or without nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20.
*Above right:* Little striped dress, camisole attached to the blouson bodice. Vogue Pattern 1783. 10-18. Size 14 requires 2⅛ yds. of 54" fabric with or without nap. $2. In Canada, $2.20.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4092, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

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## Prix de Paris Quiz

Answer ALL questions in this section.

1. Write a profile of yourself. *(500 words or less)*

2. Write a beauty biography of yourself or someone you know well. Include full details about looks, diet, exercise (and this may mean tennis or swimming rather than more formal exercise routines), makeup, hair, fragrance, et cetera. If you think it relevant, name specific products used. *(400 words or less)*

3. Describe three things in your present wardrobe that you love to own, love to wear. Then choose three fashions shown in August 1 Vogue that you would urge next year's seniors to own and wear; state briefly the reasons for your choices. *(200 words or less)*

Answer THREE questions in this section.

4. Suggest three names you think would be right for the full-page photograph and caption for Vogue's "People Are Talking About..." feature. Explain who each person is, why he or she is of current interest. *(300 words or less)*

5. Has the Twiggy-Mia Farrow look turned up on your campus? What was the reaction—the general reaction, as well as your own. *(100 words or less)*

6. Write a travel column for "Vogue's Notebook" about your home town, or your college town, or a place you've seen and loved. *(200 words or less)*

7. You are a copywriter assigned to prepare a fashion advertisement for a store to run in its local newspaper. Select any fashion from the editorial pages of August 1 Vogue as the one to be advertised, and designate the page on which it appears. Write a headline for the advertisement and appropriate copy.

Your quiz, and the enrollment blank below, are due on October 20, 1967 at the latest. Please send them to:

Prix de Paris Director, Vogue,
420 Lexington Avenue,
New York, New York 10017

## Prix de Paris Rules

1. Each entrant must be graduated during the scholastic year 1967-1968, but prior to September 1968, and must receive the Bachelor of Arts degree or its equivalent from a college or university within the United States.

2. Each entrant must send in the entrance blank on this page, or reasonable facsimile thereof, by October 20, 1967.

3. No entrant may be in any way connected with The Condé Nast Publications Inc., nor related to any of its employees.

4. There will be a first- and second-place winner. The first-place winner will receive a year's job with Vogue as a Junior Editor and will accompany the Vogue Editors to Paris to cover one of the Paris Collections during this year. The second-place winner will receive a six-months' job with Vogue as a Junior Editor. There will be ten Honourable Mention winners, each of whom will receive a $50 United States Savings Bond and top consideration for jobs on any Condé Nast magazine.

5. The 27th Prix de Paris consists of a quiz to be answered by all contestants, and a thesis which those who pass the quiz will be eligible to submit. Each entrant who is eligible to submit a thesis will be notified by Vogue by December 18, 1967.

6. Quiz and thesis will require answers to questions on fashion and beauty, and on non-fashion subjects (books, movies, art, theatre, music, personalities, et cetera).

7. The quiz appears here. Answers are due on October 20, 1967. Subjects for the thesis will be published in the January 1, 1968 issue of Vogue. The thesis will be due on February 5, 1968. Although questions in the quiz and thesis are editorial in nature and are based in part on material appearing in Vogue, it is not necessary to subscribe to the magazine to enter the competition.

8. Papers will be graded on writing ability, grasp of subject, general intelligence, originality, and demonstration of special talents.

9. All material submitted must be typewritten double-spaced on one side of the page, on paper not larger than 8½ by 11 inches. Your name, plus the quiz and question numbers, must appear at the top of each page. Please number each page. All material submitted becomes the property of The Condé Nast Publications Inc. and will not be returned.

10. The judges of the competition will be a board of Vogue Editors, and their decision will be final. Any dispute that may arise as a result of the determination of the contest shall be adjudicated solely under the laws of the State of New York. Judges reserve the right to hold personal interviews with the finalists before selecting winners. Winners of Vogue's 27th Prix de Paris will be notified by April 15, 1968.

Name_____ College_____ What Degree_____

Address at College_____ Date of Graduation_____
street city state zip code month year

Home Address_____
street city state zip code

## *The Arts Crunch*

(Continued from page 180)

string quartets, there are cellists and critics and pianists, and in every one of the city's many colleges, students are singing their heads off. There is hardly a drawing room in Atlanta that doesn't double as a rehearsal hall; any young native who shows any talent whatever is summarily packed off to Fontainebleau to get a going over at the hands of Nadia Boulanger. As for choral groups, there are more of them than there are streets called Peachtree—one group, a hundred strong, was working with the London Symphony Orchestra in Daytona Beach this summer, a twenty-boy choir was off touring Europe, soaking up Mozart in Salzburg.

So Robert Shaw, who picks up the baton as conductor of the Symphony in October, is hardly coming into alien territory. Indeed, he could succeed by merely holding the reins, and not using the whip; but that is not his way.

Mr. Shaw's plans are grand, and satisfactory to Atlantans. He expects to enlarge the present eighty-eight man orchestra to a corps of two hundred musicians with six assistant conductors, and so be able to supply the other elements of the Center with whatever music they need. He sees eventually a Conservatory of Music and a Music Settlement Program. He proposes to tour the orchestra not only through the South but in the North as well.

Mr. Shaw holds a remarkable place in American music. It has been said that he picked up a glee club and fashioned it into a baroque instrument. Atlantans can expect to hear many voices, from Bach to Stravinsky. In fact, on Shaw's opening program he will conduct Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with, it is not unlikely to suppose, a choir of two thousand.

What you notice about the people of Atlanta is their lack of complacency. They have made the decision not to be second rate in any department. You remember what Scarlett O'Hara called them—"a bunch of mighty pushy people." They still are. The town is full of movers and shakers and each is determined that his or her area of the arts will be absolutely first class. They have money and they have patience; they are willing to gamble on their long-range effort to build a demanding, self-stimulating public.

So, if the deliberate pursuit of culture can succeed in nourishing real, creative output anywhere, it should in Atlanta.






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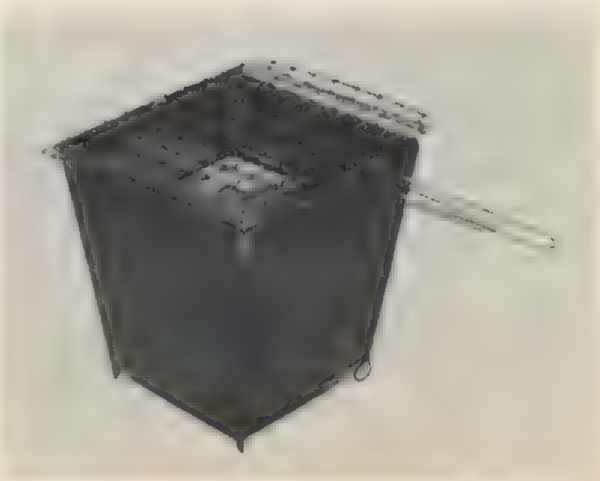
**Hardware, cont.—**a golden medallion-like bit across the vamp of a bright purple suède moccasin. Black stacked heel. Also in beige and lavender. Sizes 6-8, narrow and medium. $40. I. Miller Galleria, 450 Fifth Avenue, New York 10018.



**The shoulder-strapped pouch-bag—**huge supple kidskin rectangles, shown here in navy, gunmetal, and dark-brown, textured to look like buffalo hide. Also in off-white or dark-brown kidskin. $35. Bonniers, 605 Madison Ave., N. Y.



**The Kalahari grill—** the African way of outdoor cooking—"charcoal-broils" anything in a matter of minutes. The collapsible grill uses only newspaper for fuel and creates no cleaning problems . . . it cools off in minutes. $12.95. Hunting World, 247 East 50th Street, N. Y. 10022.



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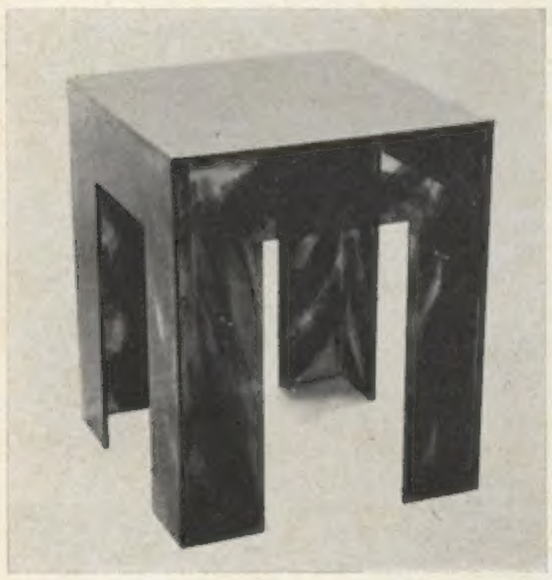


**The executive puzzle:** a set of teakwood blocks that disassembles into a three-dimensional puzzle . . . it may double as memorabilia once you have reassembled it. $12.50. Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.



**Fisherman or bird watcher**—whatever the sport, a handmade Spanish deerskin bag is just the thing for keeping the gear—binoculars or baits. Two leather straps set in the back are for securing the seatstick (shown here), the flyrod, or whatever. Versa-tote, $75. Seatstick, $8.50. Hunting World, 247 East 50th St., N. Y. 10022.

**A rainy day friend** who will do anything you wish as far as umbrellas are concerned: Uncle Sam Umbrellas. You can have one of their designs, or send your own fabric and they'll make it into whatever type umbrella you fancy. Repair-work, too. For more details: Uncle Sam Umbrellas, 110 W. 45th St., N. Y. 10036.



**Mock-tortoiseshell table**—dark and highly polished, it may be used singly as an end table, or in pairs as a coffee table. Size: 15" x15"x18". $150. From Splendiferous, 16 East 56th St., N. Y. 10022.

TAD WAKAMATSU



**Zipper, nailheads**—the hardware bit again, this time on a little navy wool tunic. Worn very short over wild-flowered tights. Also in chocolate brown. $45. Sizes 6-12. I. Miller Galleria, 450 Fifth Avenue, New York 10018.

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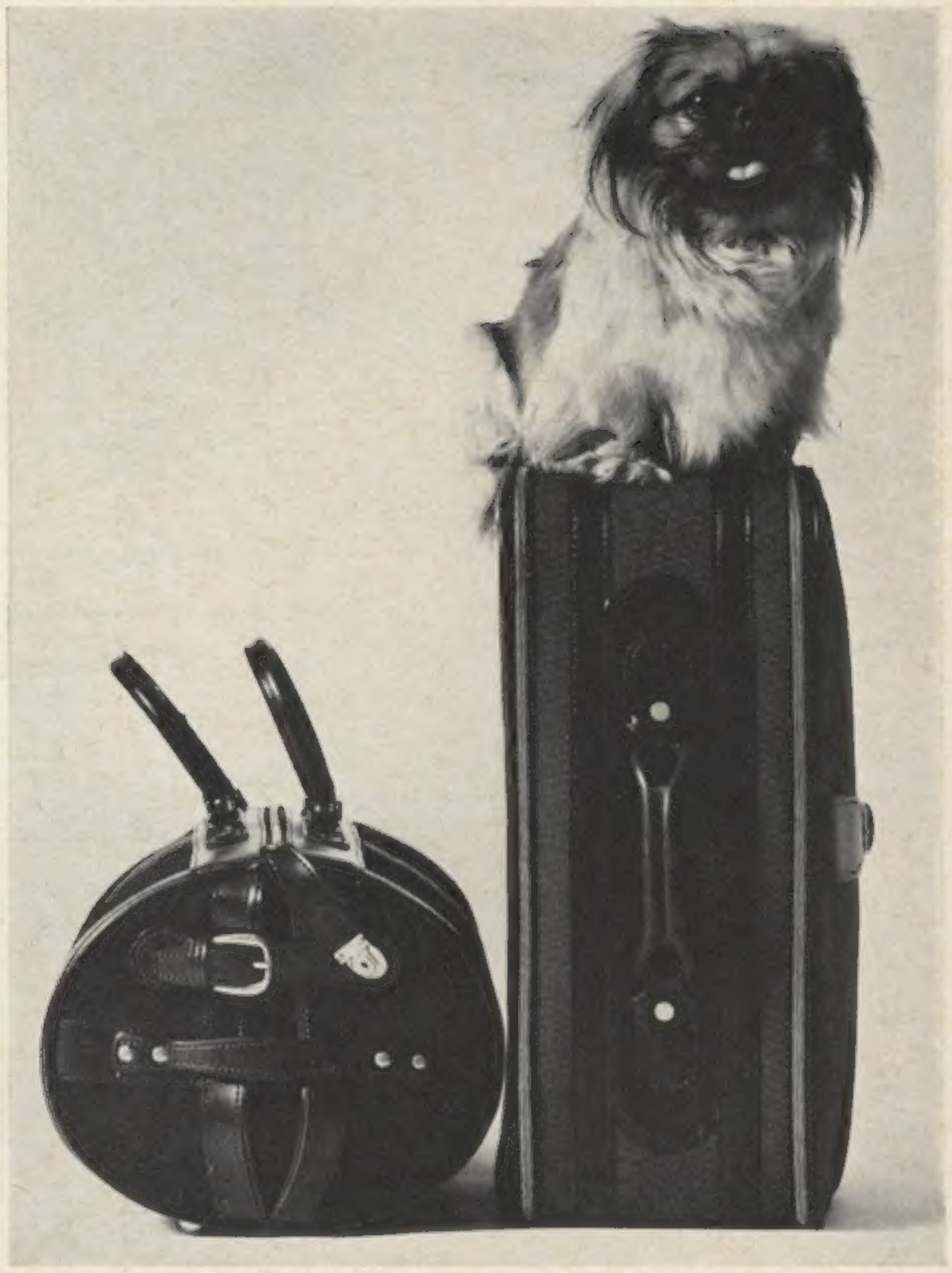
For nearest store, write Barbizon
475 Fifth Avenue, New York 10017

# *Now—voyagers*

KAZ



Catch-all carry-all, *above*. A 17-inch high dusk-grey vinyl bag with lots of room for whatever you want to keep on hand—bikini, books, a couple of sweaters. American Tourister. About $25. At Gimbels.



New proportion of duffel bag, *above left*—shorter but fatter, fuller. In tweedy black canvas with a red and black stripe down the centre and black leather bindings, handles, brass-buckled straps.
The bottomless suitcase, *above right*—zippered openings on either side put you right on top every time.
Tweedy red canvas strapped in black with an extra strap on the side. Both: Crusaire by Daisy. Duffel bag about $35. Suitcase about $40. At Saks Fifth Avenue.



Hop on a train, go to a football game—and stash your whole day's gear in a black trimmed carry-all of black-and-grey woven fabric, *above*. By Hartmann; about $40. Brown-white-and-black scarf by Saint Laurent for Colony; about $20. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue.

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